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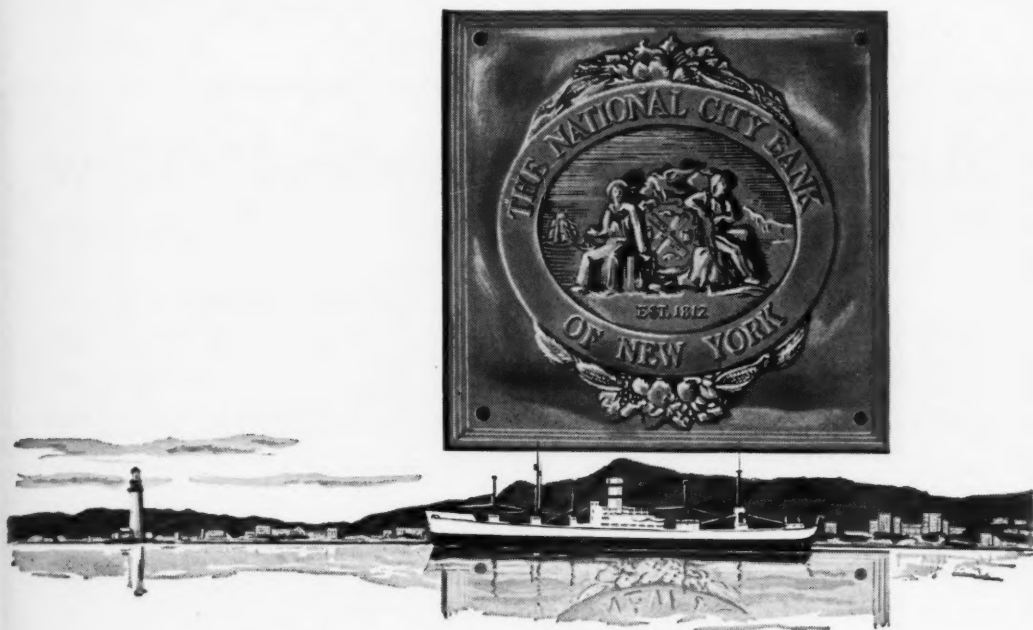


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THE LAPP IS PROUD OF HIS REINDEER

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

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Reindeer Herding Among the Karesuando Lapps

BY ROBERT N. PEHRSON

WITH THEIR COLORFUL CLOTHING, large reindeer herds, migratory treks and tents, the nomadic Lapps provide an interesting contrast to the neighboring Scandinavian culture. But the Lapps do not continue their often uncomfortable and physically exhausting way of life for the benefit of the tourists who occasionally visit their summer camps and reindeer roundups or to provide a museum of aboriginal folkways. Much of what appears "romantic" and "picturesque" to the casual observer of Lappish customs is, in reality, dictated by the demands of their hereditary occupation, reindeer herding. To understand something of this occupation is to gain insight into many aspects of the Lappish culture. Accordingly, this article will give a summary sketch of reindeer herding as practiced today by the Karesuando Lapps who migrate over a 180 mile long area within Karesuando parish, Sweden and Troms prefecture, Norway. The material for this article was largely gained from three anthropological field trips to the Scandinavian Arctic between December 10, 1948 and September 15, 1949.¹

If the reindeer does not mean everything to the Karesuando Lapp (as one observer has suggested),² it certainly means a great deal to him. His diet centers around reindeer meat prepared in a variety of ways. His coffee is flavored with reindeer milk (at least in the Karesuando-Troms area. In most other parts of Scandinavian Lapland,



Watching the other Lapps bring the herd down from the mountains. When the herd gets close to the village, Lapps who have stayed at home go out to the corral in order to start work.

regular reindeer milking has almost disappeared). His cash or barter credit for the purchase of things he cannot produce himself (such as cloth for wearing apparel and tents, flour, butter, and coffee) come through sale of the reindeer. He sleeps on reindeer skin. He also uses reindeer skin in making shoes, pants, overcoats, gloves, rucksacks, ski bindings, and sled traces. His wife rolls reindeer sinew strands together in order to make thread. His sleds are pulled by reindeer and, in the summer, he transports household

goods by strapping them to the reindeer's back. His knife handles, lasso snare piece, and articles for tourist trade consist of reindeer bone or antlers. These articles are often decorated with pictures of reindeer herding: after building miniature corrals, two or three Lapp children run around with antlers held over their heads while their playmates attempt to lasso them. Many of his social contacts with members of other migratory bands (which are widely scattered through the Scandinavian Arctic) arise through collective endeavors in connection with the reindeer herds such as roundups and herd separations. No wonder that much of the Lapp's conversation is about reindeer herding, that he is proud of his herd as is shown when he says "Look at those beautiful animals. Aren't they clever? See how they paw through the snow (to get the lichens on which they feed)." "When I talk to my lead reindeer (in a caravan) he understands me" and "How can anyone think of murdering such beautiful animals?"

To the Lapp's Scandinavian neighbors, the reindeer industry is of some importance also. Reindeer meat looms large in the diet of Norwegians, Swedes, and Finns living in the northern parts of their countries. "Ren stek" is a familiar item on the menus of Stockholm restau-

rants. The Stockholm hostess often serves slices of smoked reindeer meat as *hors d'oeuvres*. From the start of World War II until the spring of 1949, when Sweden's beef supplies were limited, reindeer steaks and cold cuts were among the few unrationed meats in Sweden. The Swedish government has recognized the importance of the reindeer herding industry by awarding medals for proficiency in reindeer breeding to Swedish Lapps. And Sweden has passed a series of laws³ granting a legal monopoly on reindeer ownership to the Lapps, realizing, perhaps, that if the sedentary Scandinavians gained control of the reindeer industry, it would lose its vitality and ultimately die. The rigors of the nomadic life, which reindeer herding entails, do not appeal to the Swedes, as many have remarked to me.

The rhythm of the seasons provides a schedule whereby the reindeer-herding Lapp operates. The Lapps winter graze their reindeer in the forests and hillsides around Karesuando, migrate to Norway in the spring, turn the herds loose in the Norwegian mountains in the summer and migrate back to the Karesuando area in the fall. Since the northward movement coincides with Easter and the return to Sweden with Christmas, the Lapps can participate in holiday festivities in the church village and administrative center of Karesuando. This cycle affects the size of the Lapp communities (as well as many other aspects of their life): grazing in the winter is limited so that the Lapp groups must split up into bands of from fifteen to twenty persons while the summer mountain pasture lands provide a more plentiful and concentrated forage so that the groups can unite to form bands of from forty to sixty persons.

Because of this cycle of migrations and because the reindeer herds of the various groups get mixed up during winter and summer grazing, it is necessary from time to time to round them up and separate out the herds belonging to each



The Lapp scans the mountain sides in order to discover the location of his herd.



Crossing a Norwegian ice field is slow and painstaking work. The herder must carefully gauge the strength of the ice. The dogs are wary.

group. These separations may take place in specially built birch corrals or, where natural barriers are sufficient to keep the semi-domesticated animals hemmed in, they are singled out on mountain snow fields or in mountain valleys. The large herd, sometimes numbering in the thousands, is driven into the corral where it is led to the center in a counter-clockwise spiral by a Lapp and a decoy deer. After the bulk of the herd is in the corral (a few animals always manage to escape), separat-

ing operations begin. Each herder identifies his own, or his family's deer, by ear marks cut into the deer's ear when it is a calf and lassoes or drags it into a subsidiary corral. There it remains until all the herd has been separated into its component parts. Then the groups lead their herds out of the corral, one by one.⁴ These separations are generally followed by feasts where freshly slaughtered reindeer meat is served and where the herders have the opportunity to exchange gossip with friends and relatives whom they may not have seen for many months.

Herding activities involve both individual and collective action on the part of the Lapps. In the winter and summer, when the herds roam more or less at will, the Lapps herd as individuals. In the winter, the reindeer herder skis, from the tent or peasant cottage where he and his family are temporarily boarded, out to his herds in the forests and on the hillsides, gathering in the stray reindeer who may have spread out over a twenty to thirty mile area. In this and other work connected with reindeer management the Lapp dogs play an essential part. (As a Lapp remarked, "One good dog is worth ten hired herders to me.") The manner in which the Lapps and their dogs collect many reindeer or maneuver strays back into the herd is impressive. In the summer the herders go up into the mountains from their valley camps, each in a different direction. It is often difficult for them to know the herd's

location, since the reindeer are dispersed over great distances, changing the direction of their movement as the wind shifts. This characteristic of the reindeer is sung about by the Lapps in one of their chants whose motif is "The reindeer who run with nose against the wind." Arriving on a mountain peak, the herder scours the surrounding area with his telescope or binoculars. When a reindeer flock has been sighted, he and his dog approach it as carefully as possible, since the reindeer always try to run away.

Here again, the teamwork of man and dog is essential for successful herding. Flock by flock, and sometimes only after many days of hard work, the reindeer are collected into ever larger numbers. The length of the work day varies according to the amount of time needed to reorganize the herd. The Lapp will sacrifice his personal comfort, do without food and sleep, in order to see that things go well with his herd. During these periods in the mountains, the herder must carry all of his food supplies on his back. He warms himself and cooks his coffee over laboriously gathered, and often wet, mountain plants and roots. He must repair his waterproof reindeer skin boots, which wear out rapidly after long hours of walking on sharp mountain stones and boulders. He sleeps for four or five hours a day in the shelter of a protective mountain boulder, with his tunic drawn over his head, his dog pulled into his side for mutual warmth, and, if he is lucky, covering himself with a piece of German army tent cloth left behind by the Nazi occupying forces when they evacuated Northern Norway. In this, we see the utility of the tunic, where the tourist sees only its picturesqueness and, again, the relationship between the Lapp and his dog. As a nomad remarked to me while herding together up in the mountains, "You have your sleeping bag, I have my dog."

That much of his time is spent alone in difficult areas where he must man-



The Lapp in the middle of his herd during separation activities in the corral.



Marking the calves. The reindeer owner holds a piece of the calf's ear in his mouth. After he is finished marking, he will put this piece on a string so as to keep tally of the new additions to his herd.

involves coordination, planning, and timing. Planning occurs before the herders go out on preliminary operations: councils are held to determine who shall go out, in what direction, and when. During the extensive fall and spring migrations, the reindeer are closely guarded by relays of herders working in shifts. So that their activities may be coordinated, the herders have developed a system of voice signals with which they can communicate with one another from mountain to mountain.

In addition to calf marking, other specific activities occur according to a seasonal schedule which is by no means rigidly fixed or determined by unvarying ritual. The Karesuando Lapps are pragmatic in their approach to life. Their environment does not permit rigid schedules. Activities such as milking, calf marking, slaughter, and castration can take place as the need arises.

The rutting season occurs in early October. It is only then that the reindeer may be dangerous, since some rutting bulls occasionally try to attack the herders. The ratio of bulls to the rest of the herd has been carefully determined through centuries of experience. According to Mikel Utsi, "for a herd of . . . 500 deer, two or three strong, fully

age for himself, helps to explain, I think, the Karesuando Lapp's individuality, self-reliance and what some observers have termed his egoism.

Individual herding, however, is only part of the reindeer nomad's life. Towards the close of a summer herding expedition, the various Lapps combine the herds and drive them into a permanent corral near their summer village. There, the most important summer job, calf marking,⁵ and some subsidiary tasks such as slaughtering, milking, and castrating, are taken care of. Combining the herds

grown bulls should be . . . reserved for breeding."⁶ Castration of bulls generally takes place in the summer and early fall, a few bulls being castrated at a time. This is done in order to fatten them for sale and to make them tractable for sled pulling and pack bearing. The herders use their teeth in castrating reindeer bulls, believing that castration with a knife carries too many dangers of infection with it.

Reindeer cows are milked every day from about October 15 until November 15. This is the best time of the year according to the Karesuando Lapps "since the reindeer are in the corral every day." Husband and wife work as a team. The woman does the actual milking, while the man helps to control the cow. The milk is curdled in rennet bags and stored for future use.

Since the reindeer are fattest after their summer in the mountains, late fall and early winter is the time when they are sold and slaughtered in greatest number. Swedish meat buyers come to the fall camps or are met by the nomads when the latter come into Karesuando at Christmas. As Collinder says, ". . . thirty dollars is a good average price for a reindeer." In addition to those sold for eventual resale further south, the Lapps sell reindeer to their peasant neighbors. The Lapps must also butcher for their own household needs. Reindeer meat is frozen in storehouses owned by the Lapps and, later on in the spring, is smoked and salted for summer use. The skins are scraped and set aside for clothing, shoes, and blankets.

Special problems arise in reindeer herding which add to the difficulties of a life where hardship and discomfort are customary. Predatory animals such as the wolf and the wolverine can rapidly decimate a reindeer herd.

The Lapps sometimes kill these animals with a club or ski staff. According to Lindgren, "a Lapp hardly ever carries a rifle when herding (it is too heavy and there is seldom any point in doing so). If he happens to meet a wolf and snow



Castrating the reindeer.

conditions permit overtaking it, the wolf may counter-attack and one then uses anything at hand."⁸

Rapid climatic shifts or thaws followed by cold and the formation of ice can also destroy lichen pasture, thus adding to the problems facing the herder.

Some of the technical skills connected with reindeer herding include use of the lasso, use of the dog, ability to build camp fires in areas where fuel is extremely limited, and skiing, which is primarily a means of transportation to the Karesuando Lapps.⁹ Lapp children begin early in life to learn these skills. Utsi states that "from the age of six, children—when not in school—normally go along" with the adults on herding trips "except for long distances."¹⁰ The children also accompany their parents to the corrals to observe roundup activities, carrying with them miniature lassoes. By the time he is sixteen, the Lapp youth is generally considered competent to go up into the mountains on herding trips by himself. Lapp girls help with the herding also but to a lesser extent than their brothers.

Although the Karesuando reindeer nomads and their sedentary neighbors maintain separate and distinct cultures, it is interesting to note that each group has borrowed certain elements of culture from the other. Scandinavian cultural loans to the Lapps have been well documented.¹¹ Certain Lappish techniques have, in turn, been adopted by the peasants. For example, the peasant uses the Lapp lasso in taking home his reindeer which has been herded throughout the summer by his Lapp friends. Finnish peasants, in particular, utilize the reindeer for pulling sleds in the winter. As the spring caravan passes his cottage, the Finnish fisherman or farmer turns his reindeer over to a Lapp, who will herd it with the rest of his reindeer during the summer, returning it in time for use when winter closes in again.

A hypothetical analogy from American life will perhaps clarify the picture of reindeer herding given here. If our Western cattlemen spoke a different language, wore garb basically different from our own, moved with their families in tents, and if the representatives of the meat packing industry came to their encampments to buy the cattle, then we would have a situation very similar to the relationship which exists between the Karesuando Lapps and the Scandinavian population.

Reindeer herding has enabled the Karesuando Lapps to exploit profitably a relatively desolate and forbidding environment. It has enabled them to maintain their culture as a functioning entity, developed and developing within its own framework. Those of Western culture who have come to know something of the reindeer nomads of

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Scandinavia, can not help but be impressed by the fortitude and intelligence with which they pursue their hereditary occupation.

¹ I am indebted to the American-Scandinavian Foundation whose King Gustaf V Fellowship made my field work possible, to Dr. Ethel John Lindgren, Lecturer in Anthropology, University of Cambridge, England, Intendant Ernst Manker, Lappish Section, Nordic Museum, Stockholm, and Herr Mikel Utsi, Murjek, Sweden, for advice and guidance during the field work period, and to the Karesuando Lapps whose cooperation, kindness, and patience made living with them an unforgettable experience.

² Emilie Demant Hatt in the foreword to the reindeer nomad Johan Turi's description of his people's life, *Turi's Book of Lappland*, Harper & Brothers, New York, 1931, p. 9.

³ See the most recent formulation, *Lag om de svenska lapparnas rätt till renbete i Sverige samt Lag om renmärken* 18 juli 1928, Almqvist & Wiksells Boktryckeri A.B. Uppsala, 1933.

⁴ For a more detailed description of reindeer roundup and separation activities see Collinder, B., *The Lapps*, Princeton University Press, Princeton, for the American-Scandinavian Foundation, New York, 1949, pp. 109-111 and Pehrson, R. N. "En amerikan på renskillning," *HB-Remissan* (Svenska Handelsbankens Personaltidning), mars 1949, pp. 28-29.

⁵ The calves are born in May.

⁶ Utsi, M. "The Reindeer-Breeding Methods of the Northern Lapps." September 1948, No. 114, p. 3.

⁷ Collinder *op. cit.*, p. 123.

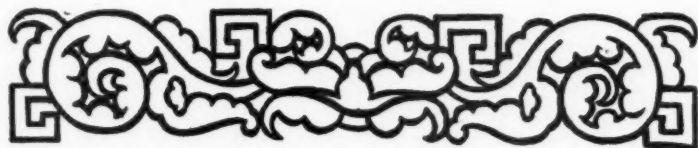
⁸ Lindgren, E. J., personal communication, January 31, 1951.

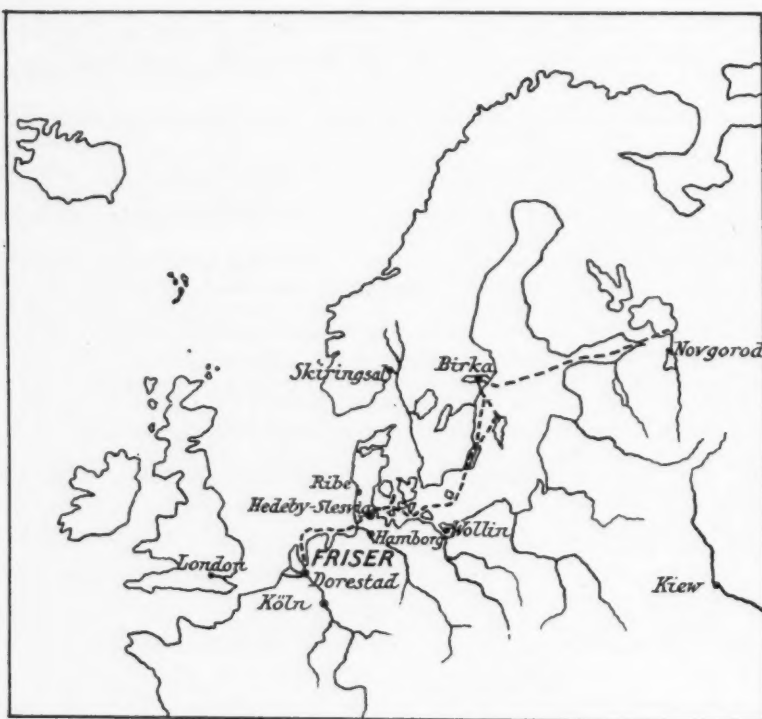
⁹ Because of an unusually cold summer in 1949, the Karesuando Lapps skied until the first week in August.

¹⁰ Utsi, M., personal communication, January 31, 1951.

¹¹ Especially by Collinder, *op. cit.*

Robert N. Pehrson recently spent a year among the Lapps herding reindeer as Gustaf V Fellow of The American-Scandinavian Foundation.





1. Map of Northern Europe in Viking Times. The Dotted Line Shows the Trading Routes of the Frisians

Hedeby: a Viking Metropolis

BY ROAR SKOVMAND

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO Scandinavia was the turbulent corner of the continent from which viking ships went out to terrorize the peaceful dwellers on the coasts of western Europe. When people prayed in the churches to be delivered from the fury of the Northmen, they knew that if this fury were let loose upon them, it would mean plunder, arson, and murder. They were glad to buy some degree of immunity by paying out enormous sums in the form of the so-called Danegeld.

The Viking Age, the time when viking fleets sailed to distant shores, even to North America, is generally reckoned as lasting from about 800 to 1050 A.D. When we Scandinavians look back upon this time, we do not think only of the brutalities perpetrated by our ancestors; we remember that during this selfsame period the Northern countries

were first linked to the culture of western Europe with a link that has never since been broken. The vikings had their part in forging it, but the chief rôle was played by a peaceful trading folk, the Frisians. Even though the dragon ships of the northern vikings made the seas unsafe, the Frisians would leave their home in the marsh-lands where the Rhine empties into the North Sea (map, figure 1) and set out on trading expeditions. Their goal was most often Sweden, where they would go to the town of Birka situated in Lake Mälär on a little island called Björkö, not far from Stockholm. At Birka they would offer their wares, Frisian cloth and Rhenish wine, which they bartered for fine pelts and possibly slaves.

To reach Sweden the Frisians had to sail through Danish waters, but they avoided the dangerous passage north of Jutland. Instead they would cross the peninsula at the narrowest point where it is almost bisected by waterways. Sailing as far as they could up the western rivers, they had only a distance of about fifteen kilometers to the inner arm of the Slien Fjord (Schlei) which opened on the Baltic. Here they may have hauled their boats overland, or more likely they unloaded and transshipped their goods. In either case, it was inevitable that a town should grow up by the Slien Fjord, and this trading post became in time the most famous city of the Scandinavian North in the Viking Age: Slesvig, or Hedeby.

Contemporary accounts give evidence of how important the city was in the estimation of people living then. A Latin life of Ansgar, the Apostle of the North, written about 870, relates how twenty years earlier Ansgar had been permitted to build a church in the seaport of Slesvig, where merchants came from far and near, and where there were many Christians—although the Scandinavian countries at that time were still pagan. And the account adds that, after the building of the church, trade relations with the cities of the West, Hamburg and the Frisian town Dorestad, became more active.

A few years later King Alfred the Great, in his "History and Geography of the World," included a detailed account of how the merchants Ottar and Wulfstan on their travels in Scandinavia and the Baltic countries had visited Hedeby (*æt Hæthum*) which, according to another British author of about the year 1000, was the Scandinavian name for Slesvig. Indeed the fame of the city had reached even the Arabian world. About the middle of the tenth century it was visited by a Spanish Arab who called it a city on the rim of the outermost sea. To an Arab, of course, the Mediterranean and Mesopotamia were the hub of the universe, and Scandinavia in his opinion was on the farthest edge of the inhabited world. The Arab did not feel attracted by the



2. *The Semicircle Enclosing Ancient Hedeby*

Hansa-Luftbild

culture of Slesvig. He writes that the inhabitants were worshippers of Sirius except a few who were Christians. The heathens held a festival at which they came together to honor their god, eat and drink. According to Arabian standards, the town was poor. People lived chiefly on fish, which was plentiful. "Newborn babies are thrown into the sea in order to save the expense of rearing them. A woman has the right to demand a divorce whenever she likes. Never have I heard more hideous singing than that of the Slesvig people; it sounds like the barking of dogs."

To this day the name of Slesvig or Schleswig is well known in Europe, but the city which now bears the name is not in quite the same spot as the viking metropolis. If we could imagine ourselves flying slowly from west to east over the low plain, we should suddenly see the squares of the meadows broken by a well-defined semicircle touching at both ends the little bay which opens on the Slien. In the photograph from the air (figure 2) we can see the Slien in the upper edge of the picture, while to the left we see houses and streets in the suburbs of modern Slesvig. In the foreground is the semicircle which in reality

is a mighty rampart as much as thirty feet high in places and itself one of the most imposing monuments of antiquity in the North. Within it lie the remains of the viking city.

For ten years just prior to World War II, excavations were carried on by the Museum of Kiel, since the city belonged to Germany. They were made under the energetic leadership of the German archeologist Dr. Herbert Jahnkuhn, and revealed the remains of extensive building. The ground is marshy, and wherever digging is done the spade strikes bits of lumber from the old buildings that have been preserved in the soft mud. At first glance the picture (figure 3) seems a hopeless maze, but when we look more closely we shall find a pattern in the jumble. The posts sticking up are usually parts of the foundation of rectangular houses, large and small, and between the houses we find remnants of walks paved with wood. Extending diagonally from the lower left corner to the upper right is a narrow waterway confined by solid palisades on both sides. In the water and on the sites of the houses a number of small articles have been found: things lost or thrown away, bits of broken pottery, ornaments, and coins which by their imprint tell us the age of the building. The oldest dates from the ninth century, the latest from the beginning of the eleventh. During this period of nearly two centuries all kinds of calamities passed over the city. It was burned and sacked, but new houses always rose again on the site of those that had been destroyed. Sometimes as many as ten houses have been built one on top of the other. That is what makes the work of excavation so difficult and puzzling.

In figure 4 we see a small section of the excavated field. In the foreground is the little water-course that runs across the town. Beyond it a step leads up to some boards which have evidently formed a paved walk. To the left of the walk a few upright sticks make a circle around a well. In the background we see the foundation of a small rectangular house. Near the path a large wash tub was found, and by the step leading down to the water several hairpins were picked up—perhaps they had fallen out of the hair of women as they bent over the brook to rinse their clothes in the water. Such tiny details of archeological investigation give us glimpses of daily life as it was lived a thousand years ago.

Only a small part of the area within the semicircular rampart has been thoroughly excavated, and in only a few spots are the remains of the buildings as clear as those we see in the photographs. In many places the wood was so completely decayed that it appeared only as darker lines in the light-colored earth, but nevertheless there are traces of construction everywhere. After the intensive research work that has



3. *The Excavated Area Within the Rampart Showing the Foundations of Old Hedeby Preserved in the Soft Earth*

been carried on during the last decade, we can say definitely that this has been the site of what was according to viking standards a big city. The leading thoroughfare must have run parallel with the waterfront, but fairly far in; we can still see a path leading from one arm of the semicircle to the other. This was Main Street, and where it intersected the rampart the city gates have been uncovered.

In one quarter of the city, near the waterfront, a number of things pertaining to the metal workers' trade have been found, such as crucibles, moulds, and metal bars. The large mould seen in the photograph (figure 5) has been used to cast the silver bars that were used as currency; for minted coins were at that time still rare in Scandinavia, and at every transaction the silver had to be weighed out. The mould itself is of soapstone, no doubt imported from Norway. By the side of the mould there is a bronze bar and some crucibles from which the fluid metal was poured into the moulds. Judging from the number of the finds, there must have been many skilled craftsmen in the city, and they seem to have lived in their own special quarter. No doubt the city afforded unusual opportunities for artisans. Raw materials, such as silver, bronze, and iron, could be imported on the ships that called there, and the finished products could be marketed not only in the city



4. In the Foreground the Water-Course, Ascending from It the Remains of a Plank Walk, to the Left a Well

but throughout the North. That this was done on a large scale we can gather from the fact that the ornaments of bronze either found in the city or reconstructed from the moulds unearthed there correspond in shape and style with the objects found in large quantities all over the Scandinavian countries.

We have pictures of some such small objects found in Slesvig. The trilobe bronze ornament (figure 6) shows by its form and its leafy decorations that it is derived from Frankish, that is West European, models. The comb and the spinning-wharve on the same picture are among the commonest of the objects discovered in the excavation of dwelling sites from the viking period. A unique piece, on the other hand, is the magnificent sword (figure 7) which was found in the grave of a chieftain right outside the city rampart.

Combs and spinning-wharves, bronze ornaments, bits of pottery and wood—these are the only rewards of diligent investigations carried on by scholars for many years. It is no Northern Pompeii that meets the eye, no perfect picture of how people lived here in antiquity. Indeed many who have visited the city within the semicircular rampart have expressed their disappointment at how little there is to see. But it is



5. *A Mould, Crucibles, and a Bronze Bar Dug up in the Artisan's Quarter in Old Hedeby*

only superficially that there is little to see. Taken all together, the numerous finds give us a mosaic of life in the past which, to be sure, does not compare with Pompeii in glamor, but is nevertheless to us of the greatest importance, because the city was the largest in the Scandinavian North, rivalled only by Birka in Sweden, where also numerous remains have been dug up. We know from the sites of houses, the number of wells and offal pits, that the city had been densely populated, and from the mighty ramparts that it had been well fortified.

Other evidence is to be found in the large monumental stones with runic inscriptions which have been found in the immediate vicinity of the city. Some of these mention it by name. Let us quote only a single one of them. "Torolf, Sven's man, raised this stone for Erik, his friend, who fell when the warriors laid siege to Hedeby; but he was a chieftain, a very brave man." The stone can be dated at about the year 1000. Another stone found at Hedeby, probably from the same period, mentions Sven as "King." It was most likely Sven Forkbeard who conquered England in the beginning of the eleventh century. The siege



6. Articles Found in Old Hedeby, a Comb, a Spinning-Whorl, a Bone Figure of an Infant, and a Bronze Buckle

of Hedeby is not mentioned anywhere except on these two rune stones, but we may take for granted that the place has been the object of strife owing to its location. The chief importance of the rune stones, however, is that they give us the name of the city: Hedeby. And only a few hundred feet distant from the rune stones lies all that is left of Hedeby or, as some have called it, Slesvig.

Who founded Slesvig-Hedeby? That we do not know. There is an old account of how the Danish King Godfred built a rampart at Slistorp right across the peninsula, but no one knows where Slistorp was. It is the first reference in history to the famous rampart Dannevirke which was built to keep out the enemies from the south. Possibly Dannevirke had as its special purpose to protect the trade route of the Frisians. We cannot get away from the fact that Slesvig-Hedeby was dependent on the trade of the Frisians, and it is reasonable to assume that they played a part in founding the city. When trading ships from the west sailed up the Ejder or the Tren as far as they could go, they had to stop at the village of Hollingsted and continue the journey overland to Slesvig. At Hollingsted, too, remains of dwellings have

been found, and originally Dannevirke extended from Hollingsted to Slien.

The fact that this region was the most important trading route from the western ocean to the Baltic, besides being the border land between Danes and Germans, made it a bone of contention. The sources that have come down to us, though few and meager, indicate that battles have raged up and down the isthmus, but especially around Slesvig-Hedeby, which has been sometimes in the possession of Danish kings, sometimes ruled by Sweden, sometimes in the power of Germany, and then at last in Danish hands again. Dannevirke, at first a single rampart, was extended to form several lines and was brought in connection with Hedeby. It may be that one of these extensions gave rise to the story of the Danish Queen Thyra, called Dannebod because she was supposed to have built Dannevirke as a protection against the Germans (about 940).

The conception of Slesvig-Hedeby in the Viking Age which we gain from the excavations within the semicircular rampart is of the greatest importance in the history of Denmark and the whole Scandinavian North. True, the investigation, interrupted by World War II, is not yet completed, and it may bring us many surprises, but in broad outlines the picture is clear to us. The small wooden houses clustering behind the old rampart constituted the most ancient city in Scandinavia. And not only that, but it was here that the Scandinavians first came in contact with Europe. The Roman Empire had never dominated the North in a cultural way. It was not till the Viking Age—the very time when the vikings were devastating the coasts of western Europe—that Scandinavia and the Baltic countries were drawn into active trade relations with western Europe. The chief link in these relations was Hedeby. At the same time cultural influences began to penetrate from western Europe to the North, the most important of these being Christianity which came with Ansgar by way of Hedeby. And finally, it was here the political struggle between the Danes and Germans began which was destined to play so large a part in the history of Denmark.

There is every reason, therefore, why Scandinavians should be grateful for the light that scholars have shed over this page in their history. It was a Danish archeologist, Sophus Müller, who, half a century ago, first launched the idea that the semicircular rampart enclosed the remains of ancient Hedeby. He urged the German Museum at Kiel to start the work of excavation, and very soon it became clear that a city—a big city by the standards of that time—had stood on this spot a thousand years ago. In later years Scandinavian scholars

have joined in the research; Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, and Finnish archeologists have had an opportunity to observe and take part in the excavation of this ancient Northern city.



7. *Sword Found in the Grave of a Chieftain*

Selma Lagerlöf in Interlingua

SINCE the tower of Babel there have been several attempts to invent an auxiliary language that would be intelligible to all peoples. In this century Esperanto has been so far successful as to be used in international labor conventions, and Basic English, invented by the British philosopher C. K. Ogden, has been taught to millions in China and Russia.

In America Mrs. Dave Hennen Morris set up a bureau of linguists, The International Auxiliary Language Association, which, after many years of research, has developed a world language called Interlingua and recently published a dictionary of Interlingua-English. Other dictionaries will follow. This language is based on the Indo-European languages spoken in India, Europe, and the Americas, and is calculated to be understood by any educated person whether he be a Hindu, a Greek, an Irishman, or a Brazilian. Several Scandinavian periodicals are now publishing extracts in Interlingua as a demonstration. For the REVIEW we select a famous passage in Selma Lagerlöf's *Gösta Berling's Saga*, a book translated into almost as many languages as Hans Christian Andersen. The English excerpt is taken from the chapter "The Ball at Ekeby" in The American-Scandinavian Foundation edition of that book. It has been translated into Interlingua by Professor Alexander Gode.

The Ball at Ekeby

OH, WOMEN of the olden days! To talk of you is to talk of Paradise; for you were perfect beauty, perfect light—ever youthful, ever charming, and as mild as the eyes of a mother when she gazes at her child. Soft as a little squirrel, you clung about man's neck, and your voice never shook with anger, your brow was never ruffled, your soft hand never grew harsh and hard. Like lovely saints, like bejewelled pictures, you stood in the temple of your homes. Incense and prayers were offered you, love worked its miracles by your power, and round your heads poetry cast its aureola.

Oh, women of the olden days! This is the story of how one of you gave her love to Gösta Berling.

Scarcely had Anna Stjärnhök's kisses died on his lips, scarcely had he forgotten the pressure of her arms around his neck, but sweeter lips and whiter arms were stretched toward him. He could do nothing but

receive the loveliest of gifts, for the heart is incorrigible in its habit of loving. For every sorrow caused by love, it knows no other cure than a newer love, as those who have burned themselves with hot iron deaden the pain by burning themselves once more.

A fortnight after the ball at Borg a great festival was given at Ekeby.

Le Ballo a Ekeby

OH FEMINAS del dies ancian! Parlar de vos es parlar del paradiso; nam vos esseva perfecte beltate, perfecte lumine—semper juvene, semper charmante, e blande como le oculos de un matre quando illa mira su infante. Molle como parve scuriolos, vos hereva circa le collo del viros, e vostre voces nunquam vibrava de ira, vostre frontes nunquam se rugava, vostre molle manos nunquam deveniva aspere e dur. Como amabile sanctas, como icones ingemmate vos stava in le templo de vostre domos. Incenso e preces vos esseva offerite, le amor operava su miraculos per vostre potentia, e circa vostre capites le poesia jectava su aureola.

Oh feminas del dies ancian! Isto es le historia de como una inter vos dava su amor a Gösta Berling.

A pena le basios de Anna Stjärnhök haveva morite super su labios, a pena ille haveva oblidate le pression de su bracios de illa circa su collo. Sed labios plus dulce e bracios plus blanc se extendeva verso ille. Ille poteva facer nihil que acceptar le presentes le plus amabile, proque le corde es incorrigibile in su habitude de amar. Pro omne dolor causate per amor illo sape nulle altere cura que un amor plus nove, como illes qui se ha ardite con ferro calide ammorti le pena per arder se de nove.

Duo septimanas post le ballo a Borg un grande festa se dava a Ekeby.



Swedish American Line

A Swedish Seamen's Center

BY LENNART NYLANDER

WITH THE DEDICATION ceremony on April 30 the Swedish Seamen's Center in Brooklyn became reality. By offering Swedish sailors good lodgings and recreational facilities at reasonable prices, the Center supplies a need that up to now has been hard to fill.

New York is, of course, only one of the many ports on the globe where sailors from many nations need aid in solving their pressing problems when far from home. All Swedes are grateful for the generous help given foreign sailors by such magnificent institutions as the Seamen's Church Institute on South Street in Manhattan. But the Swedish Government and the Swedish shipping industries have in recent years become more and more conscious of their own responsibility for the thousands of Swedish seamen whose work has contributed greatly to the welfare of their country.

My interest in this problem dates back to more than twenty years ago when, at the beginning of my career in the foreign service, I was assigned as Attaché for two years to the Swedish Consulate General in New York. When, fifteen years later, I came back as head of the same office, one of my consuming interests naturally became to play some part, however small, in the rapidly growing movement for betterment of the seamen's life both aboard and ashore. Spokesmen in Swedish Government circles championed the seamen's cause, and a special Government commission had just completed a thorough survey of prevailing conditions for Swedish sailors in foreign ports and submitted somewhat later its recommendations for needed improvements. As a result, the Swedish Parliament in 1948 decided to establish a special government body called The Welfare Council for the Merchant Marine to administer such matters.

Fortunately I had already found among my newly acquired Swedish-American friends in New York a group of civic-minded men who were willing to join with me in forming a voluntary organization to promote better housing and recreational facilities for Swedish seamen in New York and in other ports within the consular district. It was given the name Swedish Seamen's Welfare Fund, Inc.



Swedish American Line

At the Dedication. From left to right: Consul General Lennart Nylander, Civilian Defense Director Arthur W. Wallander, Borough President of Brooklyn John Cashmore, Swedish Ambassador to U.S.A. Erik Boheman.



Jack Calderwood

A Cosy Corner

and other problems involved in the acquisition of six old brownstone houses on South Portland Avenue in Brooklyn and their conversion into a modern Swedish home and recreation center for fifty sailors, constitutes indeed a glorious memory. There is no exaggeration in stating that what was achieved as the result of these four years of teamwork has given all participants a lasting feeling of pride and satisfaction.

From the very first planning stages of the Center we entered into the most intimate discussions with the Norwegian authorities and their representatives in New York—the first result of which was the decision to locate in the same block where Norway during the war years had established its Seamen's House. The spirit of true friendship between Scandinavian brothers which now exists in this block in the Borough of Brooklyn we hope one day will be supplemented by similar projects undertaken by Denmark and Finland. The block is big enough for them to join with us Norwegians and Swedes in creating an all-around Scandinavian Center.

The co-operative spirit is indeed the outstanding feature of this whole enterprise. It is, for instance, no exaggeration to state that in the creation of the Swedish Seamen's Center we enjoyed a warm collaboration between management and labor. Management in this case is represented by the Swedish shipowners, the American business firms, and the private industrialists and companies which have contributed the major donations. Labor is represented by many hundreds of Swedish sailors who also generously and freely gave their contributions to some of the fund-raising drives that were conducted by Swedish Seamen's Welfare Fund. There have already been many signs to indicate

The enthusiasm and the volunteer spirit emanating from the Swedish Seamen's Welfare Fund were perhaps the main factors responsible for creating the new Center, the first concrete example of the Swedish Government's new policy in this field.

The friction-free collaboration between the Government and the volunteers in New York pertaining to financial

that the proud members of the Swedish Merchant Marine feel that the new institution will symbolize and further enhance the high ideals of the Swedish seamen of to-day. Anyone familiar with the modern development of housing and home furnishings in democratic Sweden will find, I believe, in this Center an outstanding example of the high standards of good taste that prevails among the Swedish people. The home created here for Swedish seamen will also sponsor recreational and educational activities. These will center around the assembly hall, the library, and club rooms, and, on the large grounds situated between the Scandinavian buildings, concerts and sports events will further strengthen the ties between good neighbors.

A former contributor to the REVIEW, Lennart Nylander is Consul General of Sweden in New York and the chief sponsor of the Seamen's Center.

The Word

BY GRETHE HELTBERG

Translated from the Danish by Robert Hillyer

SOUGHT the right phrase, one word with a spell,
To say all the things that I never could tell.

One cadence, whose magic should open my mind
And also should open the eyes of the blind.

I sought for the word by which all is revealed,
But thoughts behind words lie forever concealed.

Through words the reflections of life's dream are shed,
Yet their afterglow lingers when dreams are long dead.



EVER SINCE the International Olympic Committee in June 1947 decided to celebrate the VI Olympic Winter Games of 1952 in Oslo we have been striving to arrange everything in the best possible manner, and Oslo Municipality has granted several million kroner to improve the sports grounds and to build an entirely new artificial ice-hockey rink and a new bobsled course. Three large modern hotels will be completed in good time, and a series of apartment houses for students will serve as quartering centre for the participants and their leaders.

Between February 14 and 25, 1952, there will be competitions in all branches of winter sports, skiing, skating, ice-hockey, and bobsledding. A demonstration of "Bandy" has been adopted on the program for the Winter Olympics in Oslo. This is a lively "ball-and-club-sport" by skating teams and very popular in Scandinavian countries.

Exciting bob driving, numerous ice-hockey matches, figure and speed skating, downhill, slalom, cross-country and relay races and the great jumping event at the famous Holmenkollen Hill will no doubt attract the best winter sports youth of the world and ten thousand visitors from all over the world.

Oslo, the winter sports centre and the capital of Norway, welcomes everyone to the greatest of all winter sports events, the VI Olympic Winter Games, February 14-25, in Oslo.

O. DITLEV-SIMONSEN, JR.
Chairman, Executive Committee



Recent Danish Literature

BY HAKON STANGERUP

III

THE literary situation in Denmark in the middle of the twentieth century is strongly marked by heightened cultural contrasts and antagonisms. There is, naturally, a large group of writers who, calmly and undaunted, continue along the psychological and aesthetic lines of the 'twenties and 'thirties, taking no part in the ideological battle. But they are all grouped either to the right or the left of the militant literary phalanxes. Broadly speaking our literature today falls into these three categories.

Farthest to the left stand the group of fiction writers who swear by the literary Stalinist principles. The veteran Martin Andersen Nexø has, in his autobiographical novel *Morten Hin Røde* ("Morten the Red"), rid himself of much political indignation and displayed great political fidelity. This in no way alters the fact that his greatest contribution to Danish literature still remains the two great novels written in his younger days, "Pelle the Conqueror" and "Ditte Girl Alive," and his memoirs published in the 'thirties. Another communistic writer, Hans Scherfig, has amused himself with travesties on middle-class Denmark. Their aim is malignant enough, but they are not particularly humorous. Harald Herdal continues with his social and socialistic novels of the last two decades. There is a stubborn artistic determination in his work both in language and composition. He serves his gods, it is true, but he serves them with respect for himself as an artist. This is

likewise so of young Hilmar Wulff, the most talented sprig on the communistic tree, which otherwise is not particularly flourishing. He has written a long social novel in which the action is so diversified and intensely felt that despite—or rather parallel with—its theory, it has a healthy and vigorous life of its own.

The two most orthodox and most important novels coming from the extreme left are Hans Kirk's *Slaven* ("The Slave") and William Heinesen's *Den sorte gryde* ("The Black Pot"). A short résumé of their plots and trends will show how a socialistic novel is formed when it is done with talent. Kirk's book tells about the good ship San Salvatore which, at some time during the sixteenth century, is on its way home to the mother country from one of the Spanish colonies, heavily laden with gold. Up on deck we meet a distinguished company of the mighty ones of society. Below in stinking cubicles live the ship's crew, brutal soldiers and scurvy seamen, while in the very bowels of the ship slaves are imprisoned. There is the most flagrant disproportion between the conditions of the slaves of all categories, from wage-slave to Negro slave, and of the gentry on deck. For a mere pittance the underdogs toil and strain to bring a ship laden with gold for others over the ocean. The symbolism is very apparent, the ship is capitalist society with cynics, exploiters of the poor, and egoists at the top and a nameless exploited mass which serves them at the bottom.

This is orthodox marxism. But the remarkable thing is that this little, economically-written, malignant book pulsates with life; the people in it are of flesh and blood. The most wretched of them all, a Negro slave, is its main character. He will not be broken; he refuses to bow in submission; and one night he chops a hole in the bottom of the ship. The weight of the gold does the rest. The story is dramatic and exciting as well as symbolic and political. Here literature and political propaganda go hand-in-hand.

This is equally true of Heinesen's book "The Black Pot," a beautifully written and masterfully composed novel about the Faroe Islands during the war. Here again capitalist society is reflected in the *motif*; here too it is denounced. According to Heinesen there are two possibilities in the black pot where we all live—capitalism, which ends by devouring itself, and faith, which ends in madness. The black pot is the world of today, and Heinesen's book is a doomsday sermon against it. But also in this case the politically planned novel, with its revolutionary tendencies, has taken such hold of its author as he wrote it that instead of a dry dogmatic sermon we are given a moving human document. It is true that it carries a message in its bosom, but it is the heart beating under the message which is its achievement.

Kjeld Abell belongs—perhaps—to a more neutral line on our literary chart. It is true that he has refused to express his ideological standpoint, if he has any, and it is also true that the Communists have acclaimed him a genius. But in a play like his *Dage paa en sky* ("Days on a Cloud") (1947) it is difficult to say where Communism

begins and where ambiguity leaves off. The two tendencies in his pre-war dramas, illusion and communism, are also inextricably mixed up in his post-war plays. Though since the war he has not yet written anything as good as *Anna Sophie Hedvig* (1939), his occupation drama, *Silkeborg*, gives one of the best descriptions of the occupation from the hands of a Danish writer.

The most important post-war work of our other leading dramatist, Soya, also depicts the war and its aftermath, but otherwise he is undergoing a period of lively experimentation with new forms, some of them influenced by motion picture technique.

The German occupation also gave material for a number of saboteur novels, but after several of them had appeared, it was apparent that the subject was too fresh in our memories for literary treatment. Only Knud Sønderby and Julius Bomholt have been able to treat the occupation with anything like artistic success. Otherwise the psychological novel which dominated the 'thirties is still in the ascendant. Leck Fischer continues his great novel cycle which, with the perseverance of a Jules Romain's saga, is building up a picture of Denmark from the turn of the century to 1945. Aage Dons, who had not been heard from for several years, has recently published the first two volumes of a novel dealing with the war-demoralized youth of Europe. These two books, *Frosten paa ruderne* ("Frost on the Windows") and *Og alt blev drøm* ("And All Became Dream"), are among the most significant post-war prose works.

During the war H. C. Branner won recognition as an eminent short-story writer. He combines sensitivity of per-

ception with masterly skill in relating precisely what he has seen. But those who remembered his remarkable pre-war novels realized that his desire to experiment would not let him rest on his newly won laurels. His intimate association with Kafka's style—he has translated one of his books—is evident in the novelette *Angst* ("Anxiety"), while his newest work, *Rytteren* ("The Riding Master") (1949), is unlike any other contemporary Danish book. He originally wrote it as a play, which has been produced in England and Sweden. In Denmark its dramatic form has not yet been seen, but the novel which Branner made out of the play has been received with the greatest acclamation. It is a short tale, both realistic and symbolic, with no definite boundary line between past and present, between person and idea. Through the fates of its characters it directs attention to the question of good and evil influences on life. The real characters of the tale are life and death, meaning and meaninglessness, in a struggle with each other for the life of a human being. In the characters in the book the walls are broken down between thought and impression, imagination, sensation, and memory. They are all in one—conceived and retained as variety in unity, creatures of instinct and intelligence through whom a continuous stream of influences glides. In a world in which definite boundaries have been destroyed, and between persons so complicated and changing, the struggle between good and evil takes place. Branner believes in a human religion—a belief in man—but his "man" is man only in so far as his life centers around the Christian attributes of guilt, shame and repentance, meekness and atonement, and

love. Both in its composition and in its treatment of reality, as well as in its preoccupation with the creation of a new idealism, Branner's "The Riding Master" has many points of contact with the third post-war group's books and manifests.

This third and dominating group of Danish post-war authors are anti-naturalists, some of them unconsciously, the outcome of a new and amplified awareness of life, such as, for example, Karen Enevold and Hans Bjerregaard in their latest novels; others are consciously experimenting, like Scocozza, who abolishes the fixed idea of time. But most interesting is the poetic revolt, as expressed by Poul la Cour in his *Fragmenter af en Dagbog* ("Fragments of a Diary"), and the revolutionary view of life we meet in the books of Martin A. Hansen and a number of the younger poets. With his reflections on poetry and its relation to life and the individual, Poul la Cour has penned poetry's declaration of independence and restored it to its rightful place in the scheme of things. But from the final step consistent with his new philosophy he draws angrily away. He has severed relations with the younger poets who are working in the same direction because he refuses to follow them to the logical end of the journey he started—to an acceptance of Christianity.

In Martin A. Hansen's books the struggle against modernism becomes a definite breach, and he entirely rejects naturalism. He is a farm boy who has taken up the pen instead of the plow. But he remembers the old peasant milieu which no longer exists and he conjures forth its former commonwealth of interests and ideals. He is no modernist and no naturalistic collector of

folklore. With keen insight he takes up arms against rootlessness and a museum mentality. As a writer he is an existentialist. He sees through nature and the Darwinian enthusiasts. When it comes to the point—and it always does in Martin A. Hansen's books—he rejects the entire current which began eighty years ago. He prefers the 1890's to the 1870's, the Middle Ages to Antiquity, and he feels he has much in common with the Swedish writers from Pär Lagerkvist to Stig Dagerman. When he speaks of radical European authors he means such men as Valery and T. S. Eliot.

Of Hansen's post-war work, the most important is a short story called *Øksen* ("The Axe"). It is indeed revealing. Its sharp edge is turned against Johannes V. Jensen, the great happy naturalist and modernist. Where Johannes V. Jensen speaks of the present, Martin A. Hansen speaks of eternity; where the older man reaches out for tangible things, the younger points to the spirit; where the Nobel writer, who was forty years old in 1913, praises animal man for his strength, the young author, who celebrated his fortieth birthday last year, thanks man for his weakness. This is, in a nutshell, the new view of life reflected in Martin A. Hansen's

books. Also in their form his novels go beyond anything naturalism has ever attempted, and in his exquisitely harmonized and perfectly synthesized short stories, reality and symbol, earth and heaven prevail. Not without reason has Martin A. Hansen become the leader of a group of young anti-naturalists and anti-modernist poets and authors. They have their own literary magazine *Heretica*, which Martin A. Hansen edits, and the literature which the members of the group produce is new and richly flourishing—entirely different from that which had its roots in the First World War.

Such is the literary horizon of Denmark today in its main contours and outstanding names. Though a minute examination of our subject has not been possible, we hope the outline given here, marking the main highways of literary Denmark and showing their points of departure from the 'twenties and 'thirties, the new stretches added during the recent war, the influences of tradition and inherited ideas, the ideological branches shooting off from the main stem—all these will help to orientate the stranger and awaken in him a desire to explore this territory for himself.

Dr. Stangerup has recently become a director of Statsradiofonien (Danish Broadcasting System). His articles have been translated for the REVIEW by Eve M. Conradt-Eberlin Wendt.



KEA

BY HAUKUR SNORRASON

AKUREYRI, Iceland's second city, faces the Arctic. Its homes of villas with gardens for nearly every family spread out over the hills at the head of Eyja Fjord give it the appearance of a large town. Up the long, narrow fjord between pleasant mountains come the trawlers with their cod and the motor ships with their herring, bringing the wealth of the sea to the processing factories that dot the shores. Akureyri is also the market for the mutton and the butter and the cheese of the great farms of northern Iceland. No one can make lamb more palatable than the housewives and restaurant cooks of Akureyri.



A Flock of Iceland Sheep

In our century the cooperative movement has greatly developed the economy of northern Iceland. Icelanders are individualists, and they find that this form of collective private

enterprise does not cramp their personal liberties.

KEA stands for Kaupfélag Eyfirðina, "The Cooperative Society of Eyjafjörður." The history of this society from 1886 to 1906 is the biography of a few headstrong pioneers battling against ignorance, poverty, and the hostility of selfish merchants. The year 1906 marked a new chapter, when KEA set up a shop in Akureyri in a small wooden building. In 1929 it built a modern general store in the center of the town. Opposite stands Hotel KEA, the largest hostelry in northern Iceland. KEA now operates dairies, slaughterhouses, freezing plants, margarine factories, bakeries, butcher shops, drug stores, soap factories, coffee roasters, and dairies for the benefit of farmers and fishermen. In the forties shipping was added to the activities of KEA; the society acquired a cargo ship for foreign trade in addition to a trawler for cod and red-fishing and motor ships for the herring catch.

KEA owes much to the friendly cooperation of Sís—"The Federation of Iceland Cooperative Societies"—which operates in this area a clothing mill, a leather goods and shoe factory, and a cloth and knitting works. In lean years of depression wise management and a confident and loyal membership have maintained a relative well-being in this northern community.

Haukur Snorrason is editor of DAGUR, the Progressive newspaper of Akureyri.

Advent in the Thirties

BY EYVIND JOHNSON

Translated from the Swedish by Signhild V. Gustafson

WHILE the old woman lights the lantern, just at the moment when the match sputters against the box, she suddenly thinks of the un hoped-for comfort they have managed to have. She thinks of it, and with the same joy, every time she has to go out and feed the pig for the night, every time she has to go to the pigsty or the woodbin in the evening. First she thinks—the feeling of happiness always comes in two stages—that they should have had electricity in the pigsty too, and then she thinks how beautiful, how clean, how unbelievably convenient it is to have this electrical business in the kitchen.

They have had electricity four years; it came about when one of the sons, Karl, was home last, and she still thinks that it is remarkable. The radio is a box which is queer, but one must take that as a fancy, a miracle if you will, but the electricity is remarkable in such a different way. The radio with its fine voices and music is something a bit embarrassing, something that can sputter and get out of order, but the electricity is something you can command in a very different way. Let there be light, and there is light that you can work or read by. She thinks of it every time she lights the lantern: that they ought to have had it in the pigsty. And then she is filled with contentment because they have it in the *stuga*. She thinks of it on the porch and on the way down to the pigsty and while she is inside with the pig.

She says quietly: You have to put up with kerosene, piggy. But you can see to eat anyway, I suppose. And in the dark, too, if need be. You haven't so much time left now, she says to herself. She likes the pig, one might almost say she loves him—and when the dream of a cow never could be realized—well! She tries to count out but really gets nowhere. You could count it out on your fingers or with paper and pencil. One year they had no pig, that was 1912, when she lay sick abed almost the whole year. But surely they must have had about forty pigs.

She opens the outer door to the pigsty, where the barrel of food stands before it gets too cold in the fall; now it is moved into the main pigsty. When she lifts the latch to the inner door, white with hoarfrost, the warmth strikes her. The inside of the door and the calked walls gleam with drops of moisture in the light of the lantern.

The pig gives first an introductory grunt, then rises, heavy and ripe for slaughter, and comes up to the trough, and now his tone is more eager. The woman pours something from the pig's food barrel and mixes it with the warm stuff she has in the pail. The steam from the pigsty and the food rises thick around her, it shoots up in clouds while she stirs a bit with the dipper and pours it for him. The pig grunts calmly and contentedly as he gluts it down. She bends over the pen and scratches his back.

"You fat clump, you!" she says.

She can't remember all of them individually. But one year they had one with a black bristly stripe down his back. They said that would make poorer fat, but it wasn't so you'd notice it. But he wasn't one of the heaviest. One was very fat, but he got such weak legs that he lay down toward the end. He should have had calcium, they said. But he was clean and fine inside. And one pig was vicious with people, for whatever reason. They had talked over the matter. But perhaps it was inherited and incurable. Because they had always been kind to the pigs.

"You fat clump, you!" she says again.

Karl said that the bought pork and the American were a poorer quality, the pigs got too much corn or whatever it was, and sometimes on board ship they got pork that tasted herring. She wondered anyway how that would taste. There was no bad taste to herring in itself. But perhaps the taste got mixed up in a pig's body.

One of the pigs was almost as clever as a human being; they called him Rosebud, but he got no weight on him. He thought too much, Niklas said.

Now Niklas has been sickly for a year and a half, come spring he'll be seventy. It's nothing dangerous, he's just tired and then it's his stomach. It's not from too much drinking; he has neither drunk away his earnings nor slept with snuff in his mouth. And the times he was feeling a bit gay: when they got married; when Lina, the girl who died, was christened; when Karl and Isak were confirmed (they had to take them in a bunch, because Isak was behind a little) and at Old Isak's funeral; then he didn't want to fight but dance, and at worst do a little finger wrestling.

She scratches the pig and thinks how good life has been. That Lina ended her days at seventeen, as they saw it so much later, was perhaps a good thing, for partly she was disgraced and partly she had the birthmark on her face and perhaps she never would have got a decent husband. Isak became a watchman on the railroad down south; all his children were alive and healthy. And Karl got out to sea with all that pertains to that, and got to see the world and learn something. He was supposed to have a child down at Bohuslän, they said; well, life was strange. He sent them some money every Christmas and between times too, when he got a chance. And Niklas himself got six hundred in pension money from the state as long as he lived, and one must hope he would for some years more. And the pig seemed to be happy till his last hours, she guessed at two hundred pounds. They used to take it as late as second Sunday after Advent, but they had time to make the hogshhead cheese, and the pork hung out fine by Christmas, when they put it in brine. Tomorrow it was Saturday. Henrik Nilsson was to come in the afternoon when he was free and kill it. He used to take a good two pounds of the side pork for his pains and the bladder for the young ones, so they could blow a balloon on Christmas Eve.

She raises the lantern and throws the light on the pig. Happiness is a rare and simple thing. It fills her now, and she thinks it fills the pig, too, though he is to die. He has had a good life, short as it was, he has had good food; she has cooked the slops and mixed coarse pig feed in. The sty is warm and pretty in its way, if you don't count the floor, but that hasn't both-

ered the pig—for a pig is a pig. He has had straw to lie on and drag out on the floor, and he has had all as clean as a pig can wish, if he wishes anything like that. She hopes he will have an easy death. Or one mustn't think death. A pig doesn't die; he is slaughtered and becomes pork.

"Oof!" says the pig and looks up at her; it seems to her he smiles.

The light glistens on the warm, damp, chalky walls and on the drops of water on the ceiling. Now and then a drop falls after hanging up there ripening, and it beats the rhythm for this deep and quiet joy.

* * * *

She does not see him right away, merely grasps that someone is standing in the snowy darkness in front of the porch. When she raises the lantern, its gleam reveals a man. She goes a few steps nearer and says good evening.

He mumbles something she does not understand at first; then he clears his throat and pronounces it again.

"Goot efening."

At the sound of the hoarse voice she lifts the lantern still higher and examines him carefully. He is dressed in a worn old overcoat; on his head he has a sport cap about the same style as Karl used to have, on his feet low shoes. His face is dark and tired, with a coarse, stubby beard.

He takes off his cap and bows.

"Goot efening," he says again.

His dark, bright eyes meet hers. He's a tramp, she thinks, a gypsy fool. She doesn't approach him but draws herself up and asks:

"What do you want?"

Niklas and she are alone in the *stuga*, it's half a mile to town.

He mumbles something again and bows to her once more, as if she were a rich juryman's wife, and manages to say:

"Food."

His eyes plead, his lids droop slowly with weariness.

She wonders whether he is lousy. For they don't want lice, and, say what you will, they have never been lousy, they have kept everything clean and proper, however poor things may have been when the children were small. But she has not the nerve to ask at first; there is a little pause before she says it.

"You haven't lice, I hope?"

He doesn't grasp at once, perhaps he isn't quite clear in his head. But she points first at him and then at herself, scratches with her forefinger up at her temple under the heavy kerchief. Then he shakes his head, though it doesn't seem very convincing.

"Wait here," she says, turns the lantern on his face once more, and goes past him up on the porch.

He has not understood but follows her hesitantly.

When she opens the outside door, she turns and speaks again:

"You can wait out here and then—"

Then he understands and goes down off the porch.

She closes the door and stands in the hall considering. She does not lock the door. But anyway she takes the steel-yard from the wall and carries it with her into the house. She puts it behind the stove and goes into the bedroom to Niklas.

He opens his eyes as she approaches; she remembers in passing that she must trim his beard for Christmas.

"There's a man out in the yard," she says. "He wants food. But he looks so

funny and can hardly talk like decent folk."

Niklas lifts a thin, bony old man's hand and passes it slowly through his tangled gray beard. He considers; they think of the same thing.

"Have you taken in the steelyard?" he says.

"It's behind the stove."

"And the little axe?"

She has forgotten the axe; it stands in the nook between the outside door and the kitchen door.

"Take that in, too," he says. "Give it to me."

She fetches the little hand axe, he puts it under the blanket. They have heard so many tales and read in the paper.

"How did he look?" asks the old man.

"Not ugly, exactly," she says, "but he was ragged and black as a gypsy."

"Did he look big and strong?"

The bones creak in the tall but worn-out old man's body when he stretches and sits up in bed.

She has to think it over, she isn't sure of that.

"Yes, rather. But he looked as though he hadn't had a decent meal for a long time. He almost looked as if he had the t.b.—and his voice was hoarse."

The man ponders again.

"It's so near Christmas," he says.

"Mm . . . yes," nods the old woman.

They ponder a while.

"You'll have to give him a little loaf of bread, then, and something on it," says Niklas.

She opens the door cautiously. The man waits below the porch. She turns the lantern on him, picking it up in the hall, and beckons.

"You'd better come in here, then, it's getting cold out."

The man approaches hesitantly, he sweeps his cap off even before he has climbed over the threshold.

She has intended to let him stand there, but when she opens the kitchen door, Niklas says from the bedchamber:

"He may as well come in where it's warm and sit down."

The woman points at the outside door, which the man closes, and when she goes into the kitchen, he follows after. She wipes off a chair with her apron and places it near the kitchen window on the long wall. Niklas can keep an eye on him from the bed in the chamber.

He sees the black curly hair, gray at the temples, the bent nose, the heavy eyelids—the tired eyes are brown—the yellow skin under the coarse blue-black growth of beard. Niklas thinks of Tartars or gypsies, they are almost the same thing to him. And how the man eats.

The stranger holds the soft, round cake with margarine on with his two slender hands. He stares at it and chews with a sort of quiescent greed which seems strange in this secure kitchen. He says not a word, just eats.

"Have you been out a long time?" the woman manages to say, but he doesn't answer, just looks up questioning. Then he seems to understand and nods between two chews.

"Yes, it isn't so easy always," says the old man from the bed. The stranger looks up and nods again. Then he seems to remember something: he gets up, bows to the old man in there and sits down again.

The old woman fetches a bowl of

milk, he lays the loaf on his knees and drinks.

"Perhaps he wants a dish of porridge?" the old man remarks.

There is porridge left in the pot; they intended to fry it tomorrow for breakfast. The woman pours it up on a plate and stands there helpless with it; but then she makes a brave resolution:

"You'd better come up to the table."

She points. The man gets up. Now he sits at the table and eats in silence. But not so fast; he is beginning to feel satisfied. Niklas shifts uneasily in the bed out in the chamber; he can't see him. But the woman stands in the nook by the stove, the steelyard is behind her skirts.

"Perhaps you want a cup of coffee, too?" she says.

He nods. The pot is warm; it is good coffee, she added some in the morning. Niklas and she can drink their evening coffee later, when the man has gone. The stranger drinks silently, he puts in two lumps of sugar and drinks from the cup and not from the saucer.

Then he rises from the table and bows to her.

"Do you want a second cup?"

She comes over with the pot, but he shakes his head and smiles a warm, quiet smile. Before she has thought it out, she points at the chair by the window and says:

"You can sit and rest a while longer if you feel like it."

The old man, who has been sitting tense in bed listening—with one hand under the sheepskin covering—breathes a sigh of relief. Now he sees that the stranger's face has become handsomer, probably from the food and the coffee. His cheeks have taken on a bit of

color and his eyes are not so fearful. But he looks tired, he sits humped as if he didn't have much strength in him.

"I suppose it's a case of being out of work?" asks the old man.

The man on the chair doesn't understand immediately, but before the old man has had time to ask again, he has nodded:

"Yes, that's it."

He has such an odd pronunciation he certainly isn't from this province anyway.

"You're from far away, I suppose?" the old man wonders.

The man has to ponder again, then he nods:

"A long vay, a very long vay."

"Where from then?" asks the woman.

He frames the answer with difficulty:

"O, novhere. A very long vay."

"Nowhere?" she says, bending forward to look at him. She has the security of the steelyard behind her back, she can reach the cold iron with her fingers, and her old man takes a harder grip around the axe handle under the covering. But the man looks right, he looks intelligent.

"Aren't you registered anywhere then? In the parish registry?" she adds in explanation.

Perhaps he doesn't quite understand what she says, but he answers:

"I am a Jew."

That means nothing to them. A Jew, she thinks, those were the ones that hung up Christ, our Saviour, amen, on the cross. But then they had to wander the world around as punishment; or perhaps it was just the shoemaker of Jerusalem, who is supposed to appear once every hundred years, as a warning to others. And once many years ago a

Jew had come to this village; he sold aprons and buttons and thread and suspenders, she didn't remember all. They were peddlers, these Jews. She gets an idea. There is fear in her voice, but she wants to know.

"You haven't anything to sell then? Thread and garters and such?"

"Sell?"

But then he smiles again and shakes his head.

"No, not sell."

"But you must try to do something?" the old man remarks. "What are you really, in yourself?" And the old man tries to make himself clear to this strange man who has such a hard time to understand what people say to him: "What do you keep busy with? I mean, what kind of work or, so to speak, trade or handicraft?"

The man understands quite readily; he smiles again and replies with carefully sought words:

"I am—I am," he seeks for it—"I am a teacher—I am a teacher and a doctor."

"Land's sakes, are you both a teacher and a doctor!" says the old woman, looking at him with surprise and suspicion.

And the old man cannot keep in his most natural thought:

"Then you must have got into quite a mess, if one may say so."

A blush comes over the stranger's face when he grasps what the old man in the bed means. His cheeks burn, his brown eyes flash in the blessed electric light and his hands clasp nervously (just as if he were a real Christian, the woman thinks, but perhaps he has repented and been converted in Jesus' name, amen; they say there are such?)

and he stretches out his head and his scrawny neck and tries to explain.

He is not a doctor who cures anything; he is a doctor in books.

"Books," says the old man. "Can there be any future in being something as queer as a doctor in books? Well, well, we've heard of such things. But —"

And again the stranger tries to explain. He is a teacher but isn't allowed to stay in his country and perhaps he will not be allowed to stay here either. He must get work somewhere, anything at all, if he only may stay.

He tells some of his story to the old people. They start at the strange word—concentration camp. They have heard tell of it, they have read in the weeklies, but it's so far away, the country where it is said they whip people who really have done no other wrong than crucifying Our Saviour long ago. But, thinks the woman, it did turn out as it was prophesied. They try to get used to his words, they meet him halfway, and at last the picture is clear to them and becomes fixed in their minds. He is a foreigner, he was a teacher, they seized him because he was a doctor in books which had been forbidden and then—yes, they beat him too. But he had been in the war as a young boy. He had seen so much.

"But couldn't you have kept to the mark," asks Niklas reproachfully, "and been a doctor in the other books?"

"Quiet, Niklas," says the old woman, "maybe you don't quite understand such things!"

"Understand!" says the old man. "Don't I understand that if you attend to business and are decent and serve your time in the army and have

gone to war, then you have your rights!"

"Yes, of course," acknowledges the woman. But then it occurs to her: "Didn't you hear him say he's a Jew, and they're sort of forbidden, you see." And she turns to the stranger: "Did you say you were a Jew? A real Jew?"

He smiles wearily at her face, wrinkled with age, and nods.

And she gets another idea, it is almost like blasphemy, but she remembers something she has seen on an engraving in a holy book once. The man who sits here in their kitchen and looks like a tramp resembles, so she thinks, Jesus Christ, God's only begotten son, the Saviour of the world, amen. She trembles at the thought when it breaks in on her everyday musings, she folds her hands without knowing it.

The old man expresses her innermost feeling in his own way:

"He does look pretty tired. If he hasn't vermin, he could lie on the kitchen sofa overnight. Anyway, you can get that sort of thing on you when it's not your fault. Once when we built the railroad, we all got them on us, in the barracks. But we washed our hair with green soap and changed our shirts and underwear."

The old woman looks at him. Now the old man lies with his two hands on the coverlet.

"In that case," she says, "he can wash himself and have a clean shirt before he lies down. For I daresay you have enough to last your days out."

The man sits there in front of them with eyes closed. But every time he wants to relax, he pulls himself up.

"Perhaps he can lie on top of the sofa tonight," she says. "Later—"

She gives a jerk; she has already

decided, almost without knowing it, that he may stay here till he has rested up. Or till (she thinks it very vaguely), till the chairman of the village council has been here and questioned him.

He is allowed to lie down on the sofa-lid with a pillow under his head and a couple of old patch quilts over him. He falls asleep at once.

Then she pours a cup of coffee for Niklas and carries it to him in the bedroom, and one for herself. She sits in silence at the kitchen table and meditates.

Niklas has said nothing about her resolution, but still she must excuse herself.

"Niklas."

"Yes?"

"Perhaps he could help Henrik with the pig tomorrow afternoon. Stir in the blood and scrape when we scald. That is, if he's any good at it."

Niklas ponders the matter a while.

"He must have wits enough to manage that," he says finally with great seriousness. "He is both a teacher and a doctor and has been in the war, and there he must have learned this and that. I remember how it was when I served my days."

She makes preparations for the night. She closes the outer door. Suddenly she remembers something. She goes into the kitchen and fetches the steelyard and hangs it outside again. Perhaps it would look bad to have it lying about inside.

She puts out the light in the kitchen and goes to the bedchamber. She ponders a while when she has closed the door. The lock is out of order, it hasn't been used for many years. And there is no hasp.

The old man looks at her but says nothing.

When she has put out the electric light (it is so convenient, not to blow the breath out of yourself but just turn a button) and is about to creep into bed with the old man, she wonders:

"And—"

She is ashamed to name it by its name.

"I put it under the bed," he says.

They lie silent a while, but then a thought occurs to the old man:

"They say the Jews don't eat pork."

He sounds regretful.

"Yes," she replies, "but perhaps they're not all that way. But surely he can eat blood pancake."

A few more moments pass.

"Niklas," she says. "Once as a girl I saw an engraving, or whatever they call it, in a book. The man out there—well, he looked like Him."

The old man remembers her having spoken of that picture long ago.

"Yes, yes, there's lots in this world that you can't figure out," he says.

And the woman thinks:

"I was hungry and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was without a roof over my head, and. . ."

II

The stranger showed up in several places. The children had seen him when they were on their way to school or on the beaten paths to the small holdings up toward the forest, and he had been in several cottages and, in his strange dialect, asked for food. Or he had not even asked but just stood near the door till, cautiously and suspecting lice, they had asked him to sit down and given him a slice of bread and butter or a dish of porridge. He had been

allowed to sleep on floors or sofa-lids, or out in the barns, where there were any. During the three-day storm which came just before Christmas he stuck his head out of the whirling snow here and there. They glimpsed his face, reddened by the wind, whipped by the snow, on many a path. People who had been to the woods to cut Christmas trees had seen him, and he had stood before the two general stores down in the village. They shook their heads and pondered. They did not believe he was an escaped prisoner—at least not of the usual kind—but knew approximately where he came from and how his life had been.

At some places they had got him to tell his experiences. They sat *drawing* the words out of him, and then they let him eat and sleep. His words were expanded and changed in many ways, but on the whole the picture was clear: he was a refugee. There was no ill will against him—in any case it was rare—but still they lacked the power to place him in a safe nook. He was a human being who had been hurled out into the dreadful unrest and couldn't stop: he was chased around in a circle by frightful forces out in a world which they knew only through hearsay. If they had not seen him, they would perhaps have thought differently, in many quarters, of people of his race. Some down in the village, who subscribed to one of the city papers, knew with certainty that people of his sort were a menace to our land and crowded out our own and did us great harm, and that the sufferings men of his sort claimed to have undergone were partly fictitious and partly well-deserved. But when they saw him, they could not think thus, however they exerted them-

selves. He carried on no devilish deal, ruining the people's morals or converting them from Christianity, he ate and drank like an ordinary human being, and no little children disappeared in the region during his sojourn there. They felt that he was a profoundly, incurably unhappy person, a character whom nobody could really help and who could not help himself. At one place they had asked him to chop wood for the food and sleeping place he had been given, and when he understood what they meant—they led him out to the woodshed—he stood there smiling with the axe in his hand. He couldn't hold a saw so that it impressed these forest people. With the axe he managed a little better, but he had told them that he had been in the war four years, from 1914 to 1918. At any rate, not much wood got chopped, he was probably too starved out. But they couldn't say he was lazy; he was willing and worked so the sweat poured over his dark face. He was just so ignorant.

And still he was a teacher and doctor. He had instructed people about remarkable things and became a doctor in books. They found difficulty in imagining that: a man who sits and is a doctor in books. Some tried to explain that it was a high distinction and a sign of deep learning—that not even all pastors could be doctors, yes, not even all physicians had that high degree of learning, so to speak, that graduation certificate. He was, someone said, supposed to wear a high hat with a decoration on every time he gave a speech in public. This, too, was eagerly discussed during the weeks before Christmas, although they had much to do.

At one place he stayed four days; they slaughtered the pig and the woman asked if he wanted to help and stir the blood. He took part willingly, and the man and woman and the help hired for the slaughter talked a great deal with him. There he told of his life, at least most of it.

He was dark as a Tartar and gypsy, and the woman had wondered if he could re-tin—the coffee was beginning to have a sharp taste. He looked into the coffee pot, poured out all the grounds (they didn't like that very well because there was still strength in the grounds) and scoured the pot with soap and water. But he couldn't re-tin. He stood there, helpless, with the coffee pot in his hands and looked at them anxiously. They rinsed the pan out with water and tried to cook coffee. Of course, it was weak because all the grounds were gone, but the taste wasn't sharp. It didn't come back for a week; so they decided to have it re-tinned in the spring when the real gypsies came. When they sampled the pig, the woman wondered whether he ate pork. Then he smiled again and took part in their meal, and he stayed one more day and turned the meat grinder. He got blisters on his hands from it, although he had been in the war, and the sweat ran off him. They wanted to treat him to a drink to celebrate the slaughter when Henrik was there and killed the pig, but he didn't take that when he tasted what it was; he pointed at his heart and shook his head. They gave him snuff but he put it in his nose and sneezed like fine folk. He didn't smoke either; he pointed to his chest again.

At this place he had to wash all over his body; they were afraid he might have lice. The old woman gave him one

of the old man's homespun shirts; it was big but warm, and the old man lay abed because of old age, so they didn't need to save them. When she came into the kitchen with the shirt (she was probably curious, too, to see how he looked right at the skin), she saw that he had big red marks, fresh scars on his back and arms. He smiled, and explained to her in many words that they had beaten him with dog whips and canes, those down there where he came from, people in his country. She touched the scars with her bony old-woman's fingers and thought it was disgusting. He had to move into the light so the old man lying in the chamber could see, too. "It was disgusting," said the old man. And the woman looked up into the stranger's dark, unshaven face and pondered a long time. At last she said: "Anyway, he is of the race of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, amen."

They wanted him to stay, but he went on his way. "Perhaps I'll come back," he said. "But perhaps I shan't be allowed to stay in this land."

They wondered why he couldn't get any work. He was still young; he had said thirty-seven himself, although they didn't fully believe it; he was probably about fifty, for he was completely gray at the temples. And every man who acted with courtesy and obeyed laws and regulations and paid his taxes and neither got drunk nor even chewed snuff nor smoked surely ought to have a right to support himself with the work of his hands or with his knowledge, even if it was in matters Egyptian. Though he probably felt no peace on earth.

"Perhaps I shall be ordered to leave," he had said.

They brooded over his words and concluded:

But in some land he must be allowed to stay, he can't very well crawl his way up into the sky or outside the circle of earth just because he was born of Jews.

He didn't know: it wasn't decided yet.

But here in this country there were all kinds of things for him to do, if he really wanted to. Or in America, that is where people used to go. But now there were good times here, from what they said; there was great use for wood and iron ore, which were sold abroad, and people must be needed who sat in offices and knew foreign languages and knew about things in Egypt land?

No, he didn't know how things would turn out. One day perhaps a county prosecutor would come and take him by the arm.

Where would he go then?

He didn't know.

But why not to the Holy Land, if it was so that he couldn't live in the land where he and his father and his grandfather were born?

They thought of the mountain of Lebanon and the sea of Gennesaret and Capernaum and the olive groves.

No, there was a scarcity of space there too.

The city paper wrote that one must show understanding for what was happening down in his country. People up in the forest settlement sat around evenings trying to understand. It was not easy although they thought and pondered till their skulls creaked right in the very seat of the intelligence and there was a stirring in their breasts where all feelings have their abode. The people down in his country had

suddenly become still more raging and gone out on ways and paths and streets and broken the large windows in the stores and thrown out all the goods on the road or street and been in people's homes and chased them out and arrested and beaten them. They had burned their temples, big stone houses that looked almost like churches, their synagogues where they sat complaining and calling on their God, Sabaoth, or whoever he was. And they wouldn't get any insurance. But they would have to pay big sums to the soldiers who had been there and burned and stolen and broken things, and then they themselves were to repair with their own money, and when they had repaired what the others had broken, they were to give it up.

The paper in the city wrote that one must try to understand all this.

The people up in the forest region read and pondered.

The paper in the city wrote that they had had a man down there who had seen and studied how things were in reality. There was system and order in the streets, and taxis and trains went as they should. They had received the assistant editor, as he was called, in such a friendly, joyous way that he enjoyed himself and felt at home. The big concentration camps, he wrote, did exist, but they were there to protect wild Jewish criminals from the fury of the people. He had seen such a camp himself. All the prisoners, if you could really call them that, looked happy and contented at being protected. All had replied that they enjoyed life and were comfortable, and it was better here than anywhere else. And they were taught many useful

things that they hadn't known before. They led a sound and healthy life out in the fresh air. All said the same thing, as with one mouth. The paper wrote that all that business about mistreatment was just talk. All the prisoners except those that had tuberculosis looked healthy and fat. But some were real criminal types. And one must understand the people down there who didn't want to see them out on streets and market places. They were a free and happy people.

The people up in the forest region read and pondered and tried to understand it all. A man comes and beats you up. First of all you must thank him for it and secondly you must pay him for his trouble. Then he takes your cow, if you have one, or your pig, because you are so knocked about that you haven't the strength to care for the critter. Then you have to thank him for that. And then you must pay him for the trouble. Then they drive you out of your home. You aren't allowed to be anywhere, you must try to hang in the air. And for being allowed to hang in the air you must pay some money. When they have given you a good thrashing, taken what you own and chased you out on the highway, you have to pay them for the trouble.

Here and there a man got up, crumpled up the paper and threw it on the floor, shouting:

"No, devil take my soul!"

But the paper wrote that this was what we must try to understand and realize and meditate and grasp.

* * * *

He makes his rounds.

They look at him and give him food and let him sleep wherever he goes. Or

almost everywhere. Down in the village there is a couple that has learned to understand and grasp and realize and meditate. They say:

"Why can't he stay in his own country anyway! And we have our own poor beggars to pay taxes for and help."

But when a loafer comes along of another variety, they say:

"There are so many who run around and don't want to work."

The stranger stands at the road which leads in all directions and stares into the whirling snow.

One day the county prosecutor comes and lays his hand on his shoulder and says that—

Well, what will the county prosecutor say?

Eyvind Johnson (1900-) is one of the chief living novelists of Sweden.



Advent Candlelighting

BY EVALD B. LAWSON

EACH year it comes, the hour of mystic beauty,
 With angel choirs appearing in the sky,
 When Advent pilgrims, faithful in their vigil,
 Have visions of the day spring from on high.
 So light the Advent candles,
 Yea, light the Advent candles!
 The blessed Advent candles
 Proclaim the Christ Mass now is nigh.

Germanic and Algonquian: A Modern Myth

BY CHARLES F. HOCKETT AND WILLIAM G. MOULTON

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW endeavors to maintain a scholarly attitude toward all controversial questions, realizing that many discoveries have been made that were based on a "hunch" or a theory not generally accepted. Even Tycho Brahe, the most careful astronomer of his time, did not accept the novel theory of Copernicus that the earth revolves around the sun. In recent years many hypotheses have been advanced regarding colonization on the American continent by Norsemen before Columbus. As yet there is no general agreement. The greater number of runologists claim the Kensington Stone to be a forgery. Recent excavations have convinced archaeologists that the Newport Tower is a Colonial not a Norse structure, although its design and measurements seem to be Norse. Implements unearthed in Ontario are definitely Norse from the tenth century, but it has not been proved that they were not "planted" there in modern times. Certain chemists and mineralogists assert that iron tools and forges now being uncovered in various parts of the United States and Canada are European antedating 1400.

During the past ten years Mr. Reider T. Sherwin has published six volumes exhibiting striking parallels between words in the Algonquian Indian dialects and the Old Norse vocabulary. His "proof" has been repudiated by certain Old Norse scholars, but not as yet analyzed by experts in Algonquian. The REVIEW has invited Algonquian scholars in three countries to examine Mr. Sherwin's work. Possibly he could have made a better case of Norse correspondence with the Iro-

quois languages, as the Iroquoians anthropologically bear a greater resemblance to Europeans. Happily now the REVIEW has been able to secure a report from an eminent American Algonquianist, Professor Charles F. Hockett of Cornell University, who has written this article in collaboration with his colleague, the Indo-European scholar, Professor William G. Moulton.

The Editor

IN the modern world there are matters on which one man's opinion is as good as another's, and matters on which only the opinion of an expert is worthy of consideration. Any man can of course believe, if he so desires, that the world is flat, or that the moon is made of green cheese, or that water is an element: in a democracy we do not deny a man's right to his own opinion—but we reserve our own right to consider him ignorant or a fool if he holds such opinions as these.

Human affairs, regrettably, still fall mainly into the first category. But there are a few aspects of human behavior which have been systematically studied for a long enough time for expert opinions to have emerged. One of these, perhaps the outstanding example, is language. Yet the existence of a body of scientific knowledge about language is not generally known; the findings of linguistic science form no part of our general educational curriculum. Hence we cannot pass from judging an opinion on linguistic matters foolish to labelling its proponents fools; rather, they are ignorant, and that not entirely through their own fault.

It is a judgment of this kind which we shall be forced to pass in the case of Reider T. Sherwin, who for a decade has been collecting data to "prove" that the Algonquian languages, spoken by certain Indian tribes in northeastern North America, are of "Old Norse origin."¹ We shall demonstrate, as briefly as possible, why this judgment is necessary.

The assumption that two languages are *related* is always a valid hypothesis: the expression has a well fixed meaning, and there is an established technique for testing the hypothesis. We shall first show what the meaning is, and then describe the technique.

Any language is constantly changing. The only statement that can be made about the rate of change is that it is slow enough for the oldest and youngest living generations in a community to understand each other. As long as all the speakers of a given language have a reasonable amount of contact with each other, the changes will be parallel for the whole community, and all the members of the community will continue, through successive generations, to be able to understand each other. But if the original community is split, by migration, political upheaval, or otherwise, into two or more subcommunities no longer in close contact with each other, the changes may be, and in time will be, divergent; in a few hundred years, people from different subcommunities will no longer be able to understand each other, and one has two or more distinct languages where once there was a single language. In such a situation, the single earlier language is called the *ancestor*, and the two or more later languages are called *descendants*.

Now to say that two languages are related means either that one is the ancestor of the other (as Old English is the ancestor of modern English), or that the two have a common ancestor (as do Old English and Old High German—and, therefore, also modern English and mod-

ern German). To say that languages A and B are *more remotely* related than A and C means that the common ancestor of A, B, and C was spoken at an earlier time than the common ancestor of A and C. Relationship between languages means only this, never anything else. The fact that English carries a large number of words of French origin, borrowed into English after the Norman invasion, in the period when speakers of English and French were living side by side, does not render English and French related. (They are, indeed, related, but only rather distantly, and not at all by virtue of the French loan-words in English.)

The earliest relationships that we have been able to demonstrate so far date back only a few thousand years, and to prove these we have had to make use of early written records of past speech forms. Humans have been speaking for something between 500,000 and 1,500,000 years. It is clear, therefore, that we can hardly hope to prove that two languages are *not* related, since the ultimate relationship might date back further than it is possible for us to carry our examination by any known technique. For any hypothesized relationship, therefore, the alternatives are as follows: (1) clear and indisputable proof of relationship; (2) questionable proof of relationship (usually phrased something like "these two languages certainly look as though they might be related, but we can't be sure"); (3) the conclusion that a relationship, if it exists, dates back so far that it cannot be demonstrated. In this third case, what is usually *said* is "no relationship"; but this is merely a succinct way of stating what has just been described.

The technique used to test a supposed relationship includes the following steps:

(1) Our information about each individual language is organized in a systematic way, keeping material from different dialects or different time-levels separate, and analyzing the sound-sys-

tem, the grammatical structure, and the vocabulary.

(2) We next assemble sets of forms from the two (or more) languages in such a way as to show systematic relationships. For example, in comparing Old English with Modern English, we list such words as OE *māra*, *māsta*, *hām* and MnE *more*, *most*, *home*, in which (among other things) an OE *ā* consistently corresponds to MnE long *o*. Or, in comparing Old English with Old High German, we list such words as OE *māra*, *māsta*, *hām* and OHG *mēro*, *meisto*, *heim*, in which (among other things) OE *ā* consistently corresponds to OHG *ē* (before *h*, *r*, and *w*) or *ei* (before other consonants).

(3) We then attempt to derive one language from the other by assuming certain regular sound changes. In this way we are able to derive Modern English from Old English by assuming (among a great many others) a regular change of OE *ā* to MnE long *o*. If, as in the case of Old English and Old High German, this procedure does not allow us to derive either language from the other, we attempt to reconstruct a common ancestor from which both of the languages can be derived by assuming certain regular sound changes. In this way we are able to derive Old English and Old High German from a hypothetical common ancestor by assuming (among a great many others) a regular change of some earlier vowel or diphthong (in this case scholars believe it can best be symbolized as *ai*) to OE *ā* and to OHG *ē* (before *h*, *r*, and *w*) or *ei* (before other consonants). There are thus only two ways in which languages can be said to be "related": either the forms of one can be derived by regular phonetic change from the forms of the other; or the forms of both can be derived by regular phonetic change from the forms of a single common ancestor. We consider such a relationship "proved" when a large number

of such regular correspondences can be demonstrated.

This is the *only* method by which a supposed relationship of languages can be tested. There is no other. Lists of vaguely similar words and expressions are no more than working data for the study. Often enough some of the pairs of forms, one from each language, that at first look most promising turn out later on to be unrelated—even when the languages as wholes are indeed related. For example, German *haben* and Latin *habere*, or English *day* and Latin *dies*, would certainly find their way into any preliminary list; but *haben* and *habere* are *not* descendants of a single Indo-European prototype, nor are *day* and *dies*.

Now we are equipped to look at Sherwin's work. Sherwin posits a relationship between Algonquian and Old Norse. We may therefore legitimately expect him to proceed more or less along the lines indicated in the foregoing. All he actually gives us, however, is preliminary lists of possibly related words—six whole volumes of them. As compared to the procedure outlined above, he makes at least the following methodological errors:

(1) He uses only old missionary sources for his Algonquian materials. There are much more reliable modern treatments; further, some of the languages are still spoken, and can thus be investigated by better techniques than any known to the missionaries.

(2) He makes no attempt to analyze the sound systems and grammatical structures of the various Algonquian languages, nor does he draw on the results of those who have done so. In effect, he tries to derive something from Old Norse without first finding out just what that something is.

(3) He does not sort the Algonquian materials according to date and place. He speaks of "*the* Algonquian language" (italics ours); actually, there are more than a dozen Algonquian languages still

spoken; before we can investigate their common source, we must first show how they are related to each other. As a matter of fact, this has been done in some detail—primarily by Leonard Bloomfield, who has reconstructed Proto-Algonquian, the common ancestor of the extant Algonquian languages, and has thus proved that they really are related.² But Bloomfield's work is ignored by Sherwin.

(4) He makes no attempt to set up lists of phonetic correspondences between Algonquian and Old Norse.³ This is so striking a defect that it is worth while to give at least one very brief sample of Sherwin's work—a sample chosen quite at random, but one which could be matched by many hundreds of others.⁴ On page 72 of volume 4 Sherwin derives Ojibwa *masán* from the Old Norse adjective *meizla*; on the same page he derives Ojibwa *matchitwa* from the phrase *meizla tjaa*, containing the noun *meizla*; and on p. 76 he derives Ojibwa *mijwa* from the verb *meizla*.

Now even if these three Ojibwa forms mean exactly the same thing as their supposed Old Norse sources (and we purposely leave out meaning, so that it may not becloud the issue), it is difficult indeed to accept the hypothesis that a given form *meizla* can develop in three different ways in the same dialect. Such things are, of course, not impossible: we derive English *a*, *an*, and *one* from a single Old English form *ān*. But we cannot expect others to accept our hypothesis until we have very carefully given our reasons for believing in it. Sherwin gives no such reasons at all.

What Sherwin has done, of course, is to operate without benefit of that indispensable hypothesis that "sound change is regular." But this is indeed reducing etymology to a "science," as Voltaire said, "in which the consonants count for very little, and the vowels for nothing at all." Without this hypothesis there can be no historical or comparative linguistics

—at least, not as we know it today. Without this hypothesis there is nothing to stop us from deriving anything from anything; and this is precisely what Sherwin does. Working without this hypothesis, Sherwin is able to "derive" not only Algonquian words from Old Norse, but also at least one Iroquoian word: *Hiawatha*, and one Siouan word: *Minnehaha*! Siouan and Iroquoian are, of course, distinct families of languages—as distinct from each other, and from Algonquian, as Chinese is from Indo-European.

Working with this same method, Sherwin is even inclined to derive Algonquian from Germanic languages other than Old Norse. In volume 2, p. xvii, we read: "We also notice that in the Gothic language the prefix *bi-* and suffix *-ba* are used in the same manner as in the Algonquian language" [*sic*: not "languages"]. For this and other reasons "It would seem therefore that in making an exhaustive comparative study of Algonquian and Old Norse the Gothic language should be included. . . ." Sherwin omits this study only "for reason of lack of space." One can only hope that he has not actually taken the time to do it.

From the foregoing it is obvious that Sherwin operates as if he were the first person who ever tried to establish a relationship between two languages. He has failed to profit by the painstaking work of several generations of scholars before him. In part we cannot blame him, since the results of linguistic science have not yet become generally known. And yet, just as one is about to forgive him, one reads a statement like the following (vol. 2, p. xvii, in the passage on Gothic): "As far as I am able to judge the Gothic words preserved date from the 8th and 9th centuries and earlier." Here Sherwin did not need to consult any recondite tome known only to specialists; as familiar a reference book as Webster's Dictionary would have told him quite plainly that

almost all the Gothic we have dates from the 4th century. No investigator needs to be "able to judge" for himself anything as well known and as easily accessible as this.

Even though we may be exasperated by such boners as this, one's final reaction is much more charitable. It is simply a shame that so hardworking an enthusiast as Sherwin should have wasted his time so tragically because he did not consult the writings of previous workers in linguistics. If the same amount of time and energy had been expended in fruitful channels, with some proper training underlying it, this waste of human effort need not have occurred.

We must ask one more question. Granting that Sherwin has totally failed to prove his thesis, is that thesis itself at all worthy of credence? Could it possibly be the case that the current Algonquian languages are indeed descended from Old Norse, brought to this continent almost one thousand years ago?

The answer cannot be a flat "no"; but we must say that it is highly unlikely. The parent language of the current Algonquian languages has been reconstructed in part, as mentioned above, by skilful and reliable techniques. We cannot know just when it was spoken, but at the very latest it could not have been less than a good thousand years ago—probably more. Proto-Algonquian, as reliably reconstructed, bears very little resemblance to Old Norse as known to us through written records. There are occasional similarities in sound between words of similar meaning, but this is haphazard, and of the kind that can be found between almost any two languages picked at random—for instance, German *geben* "to give" and Chinese *gěi* "to give," or English *chicken* and Chinese *jī gēn* "chicken with." Such random resemblances prove nothing at all. There is very little similarity in grammatical pattern, and

practically none in sound system. Were it not for the fact that the Vikings, apparently, really did get to North America, a hypothesis relating Algonquian to Old Spanish or to Turkish could be made to appear just as reasonable, and would in actuality be just as unreasonable.

What is definitely within the bounds of possibility is that some of the Algonquian languages may carry a few *loan-words* from Old Norse.⁵ Sherwin's investigations have not been conducted in such a way as to reveal these, and it would in any case be extremely difficult to turn them up and prove them. We can safely say that any form which can be ascribed to Proto-Algonquian is *not* a loan-word from Old Norse. Loan-words would be found probably only among a few of the eastern coast dialects, and would be just as apt to turn up among non-Algonquian languages in that area as among the Algonquian languages.

NOTES

¹ Reider T. Sherwin, *The Viking and the Red Man*. 6 vols.; vols. 1 and 2, Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York and London (1940, 1942); vols. 3-6, R. T. Sherwin, Bronxville (1944, 1946, 1948, 1950).

² Leonard Bloomfield, "Algonquian"; in Harry Hoijer and others, *Linguistic Structures of Native America*, New York, Viking Fund Publications in Anthropology, Number Six (1946). Bloomfield's own earlier publications in this field, and all the other relevant bibliography, are given at the end of this sketch.

In the introduction to volume six (which the writers of this review saw only after completing the text of this article), Robert A. Logan mentions Bloomfield's work, but the discussion is such as to show that he has no understanding whatsoever of Bloomfield's procedure and results, or, indeed, of the field of linguistics in general.

³ The only attempt of this kind is made by Ernest F. Kerby, in his introduction to Volume 5. The results are not promising.

⁴ In order to be as fair as possible to Sherwin, this sample is taken from one of the later volumes of the work, by which time one can assume that his procedures have been fully established; and the Algonquian forms

are cited from only one of his sources: Bishop Baraga, *A Theoretical and Practical Grammar (and Dictionary) of the OTCHIPWE (=Ojibwa) Language*, Montreal, 1878.

⁵ Such Scandinavian loanwords would antedate by several centuries French loanwords in Algonquian, which can hardly date back earlier than the late 16th century. Yet even the tracking down of the latter is now an extremely difficult task, calling for meticulous

attention to detail. It is instructive to compare Sherwin's vast lists of impressionistically assembled "similar" forms with the very close-grained line of argument by which James A. Geary proves—in his own opinion—nothing more than the *probability* that two Algonquian words are of French origin (James A. Geary, "Algonquian *nasaump* and *napōpi*: French loanwords?", *Language* 21.40-5 [1945]).

Prayer of the Pantheist

BY JOHANNES V. JENSEN

Translated from the Danish by Gertrude B. Longbrake

I YIELD myself unto the Universe,
Come whatsoever fate the future hold,
Disease man-made or born of nature's curse
Or atom bomb or horrors yet untold.
And if our puny planet now at last
By man's own madness to its doom should reel,
How small were that event out in the vast,
Vast spaces where the solar systems wheel.

So to the Universe's mighty hand
Myself I give—the All and primal source,
That all the light-year and the grain of sand,
Me, and the worm holds in its course.
Unto this All, be I alive or dead,
Serene I yield myself . . . and bow my head.

Books For American Libraries

1950 Selections

DENMARK

GENERAL

Birket-Smith, Kaj, Ernst Mentze & M. Friis-Møller (Eds.). *Grønlandsbogen*. Published in co-operation with Det grønlandske Selskab. Schultz. Two volumes. Ill. Price \$7.60 paper.

A standard work about modern Greenland, written by experts in every field.

Frisch, Hartvig. *Tragediens anden del. Bolchevisme-fascisme-nazisme*. 1933-1945. Fremad. 367 pp. Price \$6.00 bound.

A continuation of the author's *Pest Over Europa* in which he describes the threat of dictatorship to freedom.

Hedtoft, Hans & M. K. Nørgaard (Eds.). *Hartvig Frisch*. Fremad. 172 pp. Ill. Price \$3.95 paper.

A friendly portrait of a public servant and student of ancient Greek and Roman law and politics who died recently while a member of the Danish Cabinet.

Hvad Vil De Os? *Excerpts from Danish authors*. Gyldendal. 192 pp. Price \$1.40 paper. A good anthology of modern Danish literature.

Kierkegaard, Søren. *Værker i Udvalg*. Med Indledninger og Tekstforklaringer ved F. J. Billeskov Jansen. Gyldendal. Bd. 1-4. Price \$12.00 paper.

A well-rounded selection of Kierkegaard's works with explanations for those not versed in philosophy.

Kristensen, Sven Møller. *Dansk Litteratur 1918-1950*. Munksgaard. 300 pp. Price \$2.90 paper.

An objective history of recent Danish literature.

La Cour, Vilhelm. *Danmarks Historie 1900-1945*. Berlingske. Two volumes. Price \$7.20 bound.

A continuation (1937-1940) of the author's history of Denmark in recent times that is distinguished by clear national and conservative interpretation.

Larsen, Johannes. *Jeg kan huske*. Gyldendal. 105 pp. Ill. Price \$1.55 paper.

An aged painter of Fyn recalls the adventures of his youth.

Marcus, Aage. *Danske Portrættegninger fra det nittende Aarhundrede*. Gyldendal. 99 pp. Ill. 82 plates. Price \$17.00 paper.

A portrait gallery of Danish authors in the period 1835-1865.

Muus, Flemming B. *Ingen tønder et lys*. Henning Branner. 207 pp. Price \$2.35 paper.

A remarkable history of the Resistance during the German Occupation.

Pontoppidan, Clara. *Est liv—mange liv*. Vol. 2. Westermann. Ill. Price \$3.00 paper.

The second volume of the great actress's autobiography recounting the time 1910-1925.

Sønderby, Knud. *Hvidtjørnen*. Gyldendal. 117 pp. Price \$1.55 paper.

Beautiful and humorous essays about Danish nature and landscapes.

Thorlacius-Ussing, V. (Ed.). *Danmarks Billedhuggerkunst fra Oldtid til Nutid*. Hirschprung. 499 pp. Ill. Price \$13.00 bound. Danish sculpture from antiquity until now.

FICTION

Dons, Aage. *Den svundne Tid er ej forbi*. Gyldendal. 237 pp. Price \$2.55 paper.

A thrilling autobiographical novel with the scene laid in a manor house, written in a gently ironical style.

Fischer, Leck. *Dette latterlige Land*. Nyt nordisk Forlag. 270 pp. Price \$2.55 paper. The last volume in a novel sequence.

Gersov, Gunner. *Nederlagenes by*. Gyldendal. 332 pp. Price \$2.55 paper.

A realistic tale of underprivileged youth in a big provincial city.

Hansen, Martin A. *Løgneren*. Gyldendal. 157 pp. Price \$1.75 paper.

A philosophical novel easier to understand than some of this author's works as it was written for the radio.

Heinesen, William. *De tabte spillemænd*. Gyldendal. 255 pp. Price \$2.55 paper. This Faero author writes in Danish.

Kirk, Hans. *Vredens søn*. Gyldendal. 184 pp. Price \$2.35 paper.

A brave and intelligent attempt to prove Jesus a revolutionary.

Larsen, Knud Vandmose. *Skibet i flasken*. Gyldendal. 192 pp. Price \$1.75 paper.

A psychological novel, in which the action takes place on a boat in Danish waters.

Sjæborg, Finn. *Sådan er der så meget.* Naver. 245 pp. Price \$1.75 paper.

A satirical and humorous novel dealing with bureaucracy, the black market, and the education of children.

Wulff, Hilmar. *Ondt vejr.* Gyldendal. 139 pp. Price \$1.75 paper.

Called "the best folk novel" of the year. Life on Lolland with plenty of humor.

POETRY

La Cour, Paul. *Mellem Bark og Ved.* Gyldendal. 96 pp. Price \$2.15 paper.

The most important of many volumes of Danish poetry published in 1950.

Compiled by Mogens Iversen, Librarian of the State Inspectorate for Public Libraries, Copenhagen. American prices furnished by Bonniers, New York.

ICELAND

Íslendingasagnaútgáfan is the name of a relatively new firm which has undertaken to publish all the old literature of Iceland in layman editions. So far they have put out the sagas, eddas, some of the romances and the annals, and the stories of the bishops. This is a good set for any library that wants to have the old Icelandic works. There are authoritative introductions, and the series will be the most complete ever published. The editor is Guðni Jónsson. Several volumes have been added each year.

Jónsson, Guðbrandur. *Herra Jón Arason.* 1550-1950. Hlaðbúð. 1950. 303 pp. Price \$8.60 paper, \$11.00 bound.

The best biography of the last Catholic bishop in medieval Iceland, who was also a national hero, and whose death 300 years ago opened the way to Lutheranism in Iceland. The book was awarded a prize for scholarship in Iceland.

Íslensk fornrit. XI vol. Austfirðinga sögur. Jón Jóhannesson ed. Hið íslenska fornritafélag. CXX plus 379 pp. Price \$5.50 paper, \$10.00 bound.

This is the scholars' edition of the sagas with comparative text notes.

Íslensk list, a series of which three volumes have appeared, is the best exhibit of Icelandic painting so far available. Books have detailed introductions also in English and color reproductions done in England and Denmark. Vol. I was Ásmundur Sveinsson,

vol. II Jón Stefánsson, vol. III Jóhannes Kjarval. Helgafell, 1949 and 1950. Price \$15.00 each.

Einarsson, Stefán. *Skáldapíng*, bókmenn-taritgerðir. Góg. 472 pp. Price \$6.50 bound.

This is a volume of literary essays by the distinguished Icelandic professor in The Johns Hopkins University.

Einarsson, T., G. Kjartansson, S. Þórarinnsson. *The Eruption of Hecla in 1947-48.* Vísindafélag Íslendinga, Leiftur. 1950. Price \$3.00.

Three geologists write about the latest eruption of the famous volcano.

Timmerman, Gunter. *Die Vögel Islands.* Two volumes. Vísindafélag Íslendinga. Price \$3.50.

A German scientist has here written perhaps the best general work on birdlife in Iceland.

Guðmundsson, Tómas. *Fljótið helga.* Ljóð. Helgafell. Price \$6.00 paper, \$7.50 bound.

A new volume of poetry by one of Iceland's best living poets.

Directory of Iceland. 27th ed. Ed. Hilmar Foss. 660 pp. Price \$2.50.

Perhaps the best handbook of Iceland obtainable for reference libraries.

Compiled by Benedikt Gröndal, prices by Bonniers, New York.

NORWAY

GENERAL

Borgen, Johan. *Kunsten i Oslo Raadhus.* Aschehoug. 46 + 66 pp. Ill. Price \$6.50.

A presentation of the decorations in the new city-hall of Oslo, giving a survey of Norwegian decorative art today. Norwegian and English text.

Brøgger, A. W. and Haakon Sheltelig. *Vikingskipene.* Deres forgjengere og etterfølgere. 295 pp. Ill. Dreyer. Price \$4.25.

An exhaustive account of the famous Viking ships, their predecessors and successors, written by prominent archaeologists.

Garborg, Arne. *Tankar og utsyn.* Artikler. 1.2. Aschehoug. 279, 261 pp. Price \$7.20.

A collection of the author's articles touching literary, linguistic and religious problems. They reflect the various periods of the life of this keen and profound poet and thinker.

Hauglid, Roar. *Akantus.* 1-2/1.2. Mittet. 195, 377 pp. Ill. Price \$25.00.

A luxurious work and an excellent study of the history of the acanthus motive in the wood carving of Norway. A doctoral thesis, richly illustrated.

Norwegian architecture throughout the ages. Aschehoug. 424 pp. Ill. Price \$12.50.

(Norw. ed.: Norske hus. Oslo, 1950.)

A pictorial work compiled by specialists. Historical survey by Georg Eliassen.

Semmingsen, Ingrid. *Veien mot vest. 2. Utvandringen fra Norge 1865-1915.* Aschehoug. 590 pp. Ill. Price \$6.50.

Part one was published 1941. Part two relates the story of the increase in emigration in the period after the Civil War, giving account of causes and circumstances under which it took place. A very useful study of this important period of Norway's history.

Øksnevad, Reidar. *Sambandsstatene i norsk litteratur. En bibliografi. USA in Norwegian literature. A bibliography.* Gyldendal. 94 pp. Price \$3.25.

The bibliography comprises books and articles of Norwegian origin dealing with USA and United States books translated into Norwegian.

FICTION

Berg, Lars. *Kvinna og havet.* Aschehoug. 293 pp. Price \$3.45.

This novel from Northern Norway is one of many in 1950 dealing with problems of rural life. The life as a fisherman is vividly sketched in order to demonstrate why the hero prefers it to city professions.

Fønhus, Mikkjel. *Tredalsmären.* Aschehoug. 184 pp. Price \$2.60.

The author again displays his talent as the narrator of the life of wild animals and the nature in which they live.

Markusson, Andreas. *Landing i mørket.* Aschehoug. 302 pp. Price \$3.35.

A continuation of the story about the struggle of the trading houses with the absolute kings, told by one who is familiar with the historical background.

Nedreaas, Torborg. *Trylleglasset.* Aschehoug. 248 pp. Price \$3.25.

A collection of short stories about children, sketching their loneliness and defenselessness as well as the secret gifts which fantasy bestows upon them.

Vesaas, Tarjei. *Signalet.* Gyldendal. 274 pp. Price \$3.15.

An intense and symbolic work, where everything is concentrated on a central motive: a train waiting for the signal of departure.

POETRY

Norsk lyrikk gjennom tusen år. 1.2. 2.ed. Aschehoug. 276, 397 pp. Price \$6.50.

A new edition of this comprehensive anthology, first published 1929, enlarged with a selection of later poems, comprising poems of the last war.

Skagestad, Tormod. *Mørkt vatten glir mot havet.* Aschehoug. 59 pp. Price \$1.30.

The third collection of this young poet, in which are found many poems taking their motives from America.

Øverland, Arnulf. *Fiskeren og hans sjel.* Aschehoug. 126 pp. Price \$3.00.

An outstanding work of one of Norway's best known poets of today.

Compiled by Erling Grönland, American prices by Thyra Fjellanger, Brooklyn.

SWEDEN

FICTION

Arnér, Sivar. *Vackert väder.* Bonnier. 213 pp. Price \$2.15 paper, \$3.00 bound.

Psychological novel about a post office clerk in Stockholm and his love of his young wife, who has been killed in an accident.

Aronson, Stina. *Den fjärde vägen.* Norstedt. 195 pp. Price \$2.15 paper, \$3.15 bound.

A novel about two women living in primitive surroundings in the border country between northern Lapland and Finland.

Hedberg, Olle. *Häxan i pepparkakshuset.* 412 pp. Price \$3.15 paper, \$4.25 bound.

Sequel to the story of the young girl, Blenda Heurman, started in "Dan före dan" (1948) and continued in "Mera vild än tam" (1949).

Höijer, Björn-Erik. *Martin går i gräset.* Tiden. 278 pp. Price \$2.65 paper, \$3.50 bound.

The story of a six year old boy in a mining village in the far north of Sweden is told with insight and charm.

Lagerkvist, Pär. *Barabbas.* Bonnier. 205 pp. Price \$2.25 paper, \$3.15 bound.

In the simple legend of Barabbas, the man whom Pilate released when Christ was crucified, Lagerkvist has told the story of man in search of God. The book ranks high in the author's production and is recommended as a first choice.

Martinson, Moa. *Jag möter en diktare.* Tiden. 341 pp. Price \$1.50 paper, \$1.90 bound.

A sequel to the writer's autobiographical novels "Mor gifter sig" (1936), "Kyrkbröllop" (1938), and "Kungens rosor" (1939), which all tell of women living in poverty and hardship, who still can find strength to enjoy life.

NON-FICTION

Abenius, Margit. *Drabbad av renhet. En bok om Karin Boye's liv och diktning.* Bonnier. 429 pp. Price \$4.50 paper, \$5.75 bound.

A biography of Karin Boye (1900-1941). With fine tact and understanding the author has handled her material on this poet's complicated life and tragic death. Her works, especially her poetry, are skilfully analysed.

Böök, Fredrik. *Victoria Benedictsson*. Norstedt. 396 pp. Price \$3.70 paper, \$4.90 bound.

A biography of Victoria Benedictsson (1850-1888, pseud.: Ernst Ahlgren), partly founded on material from her private diary which Professor Böök published last year.

Cornell, Elias. *Ny svensk byggnadskonst*. Forum. 155 pp. Price \$2.40 paper, \$3.15 bound.

Popular history of modern Swedish architecture, well illustrated.

De Geer, Gerard. *Sveriges natur rike-domar*. 1-2. Bonnier. 1946-50. Price v.1. out of print, v.2. \$7.00 paper, \$9.25 bound.

A report on Sweden's natural resources. In vol. 1 Sweden's forests, water power, and iron ore were presented. Vol. 2 gives a survey of her agriculture, fishing, hunting, fossil fuels, and man power.

Fogelklou, Emilia. *Barhuvad*. Bonnier. 257 pp. Price \$2.90 paper, \$3.75 bound.

Autobiography by one of Sweden's most prominent religious and intellectual women.

Moberg, Vilhelm. *Den okända släkten*. Bonnier. 138 pp. Price \$1.50 paper.

Articles on Swedish emigration to the U.S.A. and the early history of the immigrants.

Nordström-Bonnier, Tora. *Resa kring en resa. I Fredrika Bremers fotspår*. Bonnier. 272 pp. Price \$3.15 paper.

The author has followed the same itinerary as Fredrika Bremer on her visit to the U.S.A. in 1849-1851. She compares the U.S.A. of a hundred years ago with the country as it appears to a Swedish journalist of to-day.

Olsson, Henry. *Fröding. Ett diktarpöträtt*. Norstedt. 414 pp. Price \$4.90 paper. \$6.40 bound.

A scholarly biography of the Swedish poet Gustaf Fröding (1860-1911).

Riwick-Brick, Anna, & Elly Jannes. *Vandrande by*. Kooperativa förlaget. 86 pp. Price \$3.25 bound.

A number of fine photographs illustrate the everyday life of the Lapps. The book is also published in English under the title "Nomads of the North."

Rydellius, Ellen, & Ria Wägner. *Möte med Stockholm*. Vepe. 343 pp. Price \$4.15 bound.

This well illustrated guide to Stockholm presents the city as it is to-day.

Setterwall, Åke, Stig Fogelmarck, & Lenart Af Petersens. *Stockholms slott och dess konatskatter*. Bonnier. 200 pp. Price \$11.25 paper, \$13.75 bound.

Presents in a number of fine illustrations with text the Royal Palace of Stockholm and the most important of its art treasures.

Sucksdorff, Arne. *Gryning. Strövtåg med filmkamera*. Nordisk rotogravyr. 223 pp. Price \$4.50 paper, \$6.50 bound.

Pictures from the author's seven documentary films with short accompanying text make a beautiful book about Sweden.

Westholm, Alfred. *Milles. En bok om Carl Milles' konst*. Norstedt. 94 pp. 120 plates. Price \$9.00 bound.

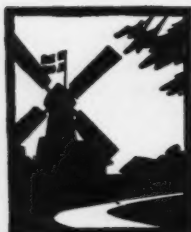
After a short biographical introductory chapter the author analyses Milles' sculptural works.

Wigforss, Ernst. *Minnen. 1. Tiden*. 426 pp. Price \$2.90 paper, \$3.60 bound.

The author, former minister of finance of Sweden, tells in this first volume of memories of his childhood and school days, his university years at Lund, and his first years as a teacher up to 1914. As a leading member of the Social-Democratic party he has aroused much admiration as well as strong criticism. The book is written in an easy, captivating style.

Compiled by Kerstin Munck, Library Adviser to the Board of Education, Stockholm. American prices furnished by Bonniers, New York.

THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



DENMARK

A STRONG DELEGATION from Denmark attended the meeting of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in Ottawa on September 15. They included the Foreign Minister Ole Bjørn Kraft and Finance Minister Thorkil Kristensen, Admiral C. J. C. Qvistgaard, Chief of Defense; Minister V. Steensen-Leth; Commander K. H. Paulsen of the Danish Defense Staff and Rear Admiral Ramlau Hansen; also Eyvind Bartels, Dr. E. Schram-Nielsen, Gunnar Seidenfaden, Svend Hansen, and H. H. Mathiesen.

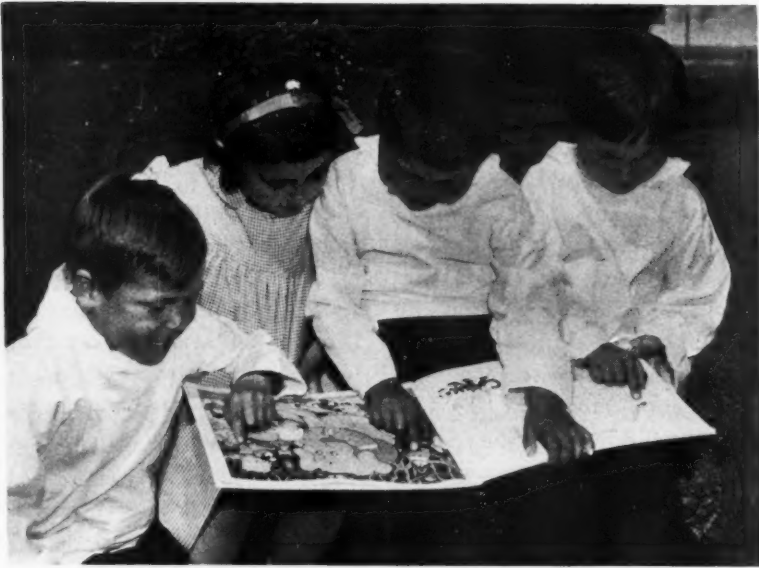
GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER on August 28 in the presence of forty thousand persons at the Kastrup Airport presented the first five American Thunder Jet Fighters to the Danish air force. "No nation, however small, is dependent upon outside support when it comes to spiritual and moral strength. In that respect, Denmark needs no support. No, Denmark has never been second to any nation in the world," the general said.

A battalion of Danish troops is being organized to serve in case of aggression against the United Nations. This battalion, which will at the same time form part of the troops assigned to the Supreme Commander of the Atlantic Pact Forces in Europe (SACEUR) in the event of war, could be made available to meet a request from the United Nations for assistance, in

accordance with Danish constitutional processes and in consultation with SACEUR.

It is expected that 650 million kroner will be spent on defense 1951-52, equal to 4 per cent of the national income and about 24 per cent of total government expenditures, almost double that of 1948-49. These defense expenditures reflect the changed attitude of the Danish people to the need of defense after their experience during the occupation, subsequent international developments, and a strengthening of their feeling of solidarity with the Western democracies. Denmark has compulsory military service. The Danish Constitution says that every able-bodied man is liable with his person to contribute to the defense of his country. Every male citizen must register when seventeen years of age, and personnel for the armed forces is usually drafted at the age of twenty.

A DANISH PHYSICIAN, Aage Krarup Nielsen, returning recently from Korea, paid this tribute to the American troops: "The Americans are not warriors at heart. For them war is 'a dirty job' that has to be done. I've seen the character of the American soldiers revealed in many situations. I've seen them gather homeless Korean children, buy them food, clothe them. I've seen them collect their enemies in the fields and transport them to field hospitals, give them the same medical attention, food, and cigarettes as they received themselves. I've seen them fly especially severely wound-

*Danish Information Office***FOUR LITTLE GREENLANDERS VISITING DENMARK**

ed Chinese to Tokyo to be operated upon and have seen the Americans give blood transfusions to North Korean and Chinese communists in the very field where they themselves might be shot down. I've seen American and British officers interfere where Koreans wanted to execute each other for espionage."

TRADE AGREEMENTS have been signed this year with Portugal, with Finland, with Holland, and with Spain.

Portugal has undertaken to supply a minimum of 8,000 tons copra, 1,000 tons palm kernels, 100 tons sesame seed, 10,000 tons oil cakes, 5,000 tons maize, 5,000 tons bran, 1,000 tons fish meal, and 300 tons turpentine. Quotas for Portuguese imports of commodities on the Danish restricted list have been agreed in a total amount of about

14 million kroner, including resin valued at 2 million kroner; cork and cork articles 4.4 million kroner, and wine 5 million kroner. Danish exports to Portugal during the period are estimated at 15 million kroner, most of which are on the Portuguese free list. Danish products imported by Portugal under the Portuguese free list include diesel engines, medicinal goods, and machinery. For Danish products to Portugal on the Portuguese restricted list, quotas have been agreed upon totaling about 6 million kroner, including 5,000 tons seed potatoes, cement-making machines, and special machines.

Bacon and meat exports from Denmark increased in 1951, egg exports declined, and butter and cheese were about as in 1950.

MENS SANA IN CORPORE SANO is an injunction honored by the Danes. Miss Helga Pedersen, Denmark's woman Minister of Justice, is an athlete. For her achievements in sports she has won the Sports Badge in Gold.

THE INTERNATIONAL TUBERCULOSIS CAMPAIGN organized by the Danes closed officially with distinction on August 11. The campaign, which covered twenty-two countries on five continents, was conducted by the UN International Children's Emergency Fund and its Scandinavian associates, the Danish Red Cross, the Swedish Red Cross, and the Norwegian Relief for Europe. Some 37,000,000 children and young adults were tested, of whom nearly 17,000,000 were vaccinated against tuberculosis. Now, after four years' work, the Scandinavians are withdrawing, their commitments fulfilled.

The work, however, will be carried on by the Children's Fund and by the World Health Organization (WHO), which is now taking over the technical responsibility for the conduct of the campaign. They will continue to aid governments in organizing and carrying through campaigns, and it is conceivable that the numbers so reached may even surpass those already reached, once the work gets well under way in the heavily-populated countries of Asia. Vaccination is considered scarcely to have started there, although already nearly 5,000,000 have been tested in Ceylon, India, and Pakistan. Also included will be the entire child population of a number of countries in Central and South America and the Eastern Mediterranean.

GALATHEA, the Danish research corvette manned by scientists of several nations, is making new discoveries in the Pacific. Life at a depth of six miles has been found off Mindanao Island, where hydrostatic pressures exceed 15,000 pounds per square inch. Ingenious scoops and steel nets lowered by cable first brought from the sea floor samples of primeval ooze containing bacterial matter from 34,000 feet, just under six miles. Then, exploring at greater depths in the so-called Mindanao Trench, they trawled seventeen sea anemones, sixty-one sea cucumbers, two bivalves, and one crustacean, demonstrating the fairly rich variety of life in the previously unexplored submarine region believed to be the deepest spot in the world's oceans—between six and seven miles below the surface.

A LIFE OF GRUNDTVIG is demanded by the Committee on Publications of The American-Scandinavian Foundation, a book that will communicate the educational philosophy of "the father of adult education" to American readers, as well as his philosophy of liberal nationalism. President Johannes Knudsen of Grand View College, Des Moines, Iowa, would like to undertake this much needed work and has applied to several funds for a stipendium sufficient to enable him to spend a year in Denmark. Several American students are now in Denmark for a year of study at different folk high schools operating on the Grundtvig system.

DANISH ARCHAEOLOGISTS are steadily recording the history of the Danes from before the time history was written. Director Johannes Brøndsted of

the Danish National Museum has revealed news of an extraordinary archaeological find at Jelling in Jutland during the further excavations, in charge of Dr. Ejnar Dyggve, of the church of King Harald Bluetooth, the oldest church in the North, first discovered four years ago. Dr. Dyggve has now found remnants of the (heathen) temple of King Gorm the Old (about 900-940).

From an earlier time, the Bronze and the Iron Ages, come records of women's styles in dress. Even in 500 B.C. Danish women used a peplos not unlike that worn by the ancient Greeks.

In 1930, H. C. Broholm and Margrethe Hald, of the Danish National Museum in Copenhagen, published in Copenhagen and London their "Costumes of the Bronze Age." Up till then, the study of ancient Danish textiles had been a rather neglected field. Now Dr. Hald has continued and extended her researches on ancient textiles in a large volume just published by Gyldendal of Copenhagen. It is a monumental work of about 500 pages with 450 illustrations, entitled *Ancient Danish Textiles*.

In reviewing Dr. Hald's book, Dr. Broholm points out as a remarkable fact that the two countries which have yielded the oldest complete textiles are Egypt and Denmark. In the former,

the dry atmosphere, and in the latter, the humidity of burial mounds and bogs, preserved the fragile materials which are invariably destroyed underground. A profound difference exists, however, in that the Egyptian materials are of fine linen, while the Danish on the whole are coarsely made from brown sheep's wool. Only in the late Bronze Age do we meet with Danish linen textiles made from nettle yarn; and only in the Iron Age finds does flaxen linen occur. All the Bronze Age weaving is two-shaft; in the Iron Age finds nearly all the materials are woven in one form or other of four-shaft weaving. But alongside the woven materials we find textiles made with special techniques, such as tablet-weaving, braided work, and needle-netting.

VIGGO CARSTENSEN, president of Denmark-America Foundation and the Danish Travel Association and Advocate to the Supreme Court, visited America this autumn and entered his daughter Birgit in Bryn Mawr College. Mr. Carstensen explained that \$900,000 of Fulbright Fellowships are now available to Denmark. American professors visiting Denmark will receive the equivalent of their salaries at home, whereas Danish students coming to America will be paid only their travelling expenses.



ICELAND

DURING THE SUMMER of 1951 Iceland was visited by more tourists than in any other year since the war. These included, as usual, many Scandinavians, regular groups of Britons, and a good many Americans, among them 600 who paid a short visit on an Arctic cruise of the liner "Caronia."

These tourists found a rather cheerful Iceland. The southern half of the island had an exceptionally good and sunny summer with the scenic beauty at its very best in color and grandeur. In towns and villages the shops were filled with goods which indicated prosperity and a rising standard of living.

THE ICELANDERS were, however, facing their own economic difficulties, as they have been for several years. The abundance of goods on the market is not entirely the result of a policy of liberalized trade, but must be credited to continued and growing Marshall aid. In early August this aid amounted to \$21,700,000 since the initiation of ECA. Abundance of goods on the market has also been followed by steep rises in prices, while the purchasing power of the people at large has declined.

THE SUMMER HERRING, which so often makes the difference between austerity and abundance to the Icelanders, failed once more. While the total catch was twice the amount caught last year, it was still low. The large trawlers have continued to be the securest section of the fishing fleet, and this summer they followed the routes of their viking an-

cestors to Greenland, where they found rich fishing banks.

DOLLAR EXPORTS from Iceland are increasing. During the year ending June 30, these amounted to \$6,000,000, while the figure for the previous year was only \$2,500,000. Frozen fish and fish oil were the largest items.

AMERICAN DEFENCE forces have during the summer established themselves at Keflavik airport on Reykjanes peninsula south of Reykjavik. Their commanding officer, Brigadier General McGaw, has visited various parts of the country during the summer. Construction of barracks is now in progress, and the building contract was awarded to an Icelandic combine.

A PARTY of six Icelandic labor leaders were invited by the ECA to tour the United States in June. Led by former Minister of Justice Finnur Jónsson, the group included among others the President of the Icelandic Labor Federation, Mr. Helgi Hannesson. Their reports on the standard of living and organisation of the American workers has created considerable interest in Iceland.

THE COLD WAR has been at Iceland's doorstep once more. A large fleet of Russian herring ships arrived on the northern fishing banks during the summer. In late August this fleet sailed to the south coast and was fishing only a few miles from the American base at Keflavik airport. American aeroplanes patrolled the air, while the Icelandic coast guard kept an eye on Iceland's territorial limits. This resulted in two arrests, first when a Russian fishing

boat was caught salting herring inside the three-mile limit, and later, when a 10,000 ton mothership (of the American Liberty-type) was caught inside the limit also salting herring. The ship, by far the largest vessel ever to be apprehended for violating Icelandic fishing limits, was taken to Keflavík, where the local magistrate tried the case. The local press, or part of it at least, observed that the Russians very strictly guarded a twelve-mile limit on their own coasts while they violated a three-mile limit in Iceland.

THE INTEREST IN REFORESTATION is still growing in Iceland. There are now 1,000 square kilometers covered with trees in the country, and this summer alone 500,000 treeplants were sold for planting around homes and in parks. This is almost four saplings for every inhabitant.

PROFESSOR NIELS BOHR, the famous Danish physicist, paid a visit to Iceland during the summer as guest of the University of Iceland. He gave a lecture at the University, and was later decorated by the President of Iceland, Mr. Sveinn Björnsson.

EXCAVATIONS at Bergþórshvöll have been continued this year and have resulted in the find of further evidence that a farm was burned on this site in early times, probably in the saga age. This is taken as a very strong indication that the burning of Njáll, as described in *Njáls saga*, was a factual and not a fictional event. The excavations have been directed by the

State Archeologist, Mr. Kristján Eldjárn.

PROFESSOR STEFÁN EINARSSON of The Johns Hopkins University spent the summer in Reykjavík collecting material for his literary history of Iceland. The wish was expressed during the summer that this excellent scholar would accept a vacant position at the University of Iceland, but he did not find it possible to do so. The post, a chair in Modern Icelandic, vacated by the untimely death of Dr. Björn Guðfinnsson, was awarded to Mr. Halldór Halldórsson.

THE SIXTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY of Professor Sigurður Nordal was celebrated by the publication of a selection of essays by the youngest of his students. At the time, the Professor was en route to Copenhagen, while Reykjavík newspapers reported unofficially that he would be appointed Icelandic Minister to Denmark, a post vacated by the death of Minister Stefán Þorvarðsson. The report has neither been confirmed nor denied officially.

A WARM SUPPORTER of Icelandic-American relations was lost in the death of Mr. Steingrímur Arason, who spent several years at Columbia University during the war. He donated a Columbia fund to the University of Iceland to support American students in that institution. This fund and the Icelandic American Society have granted their first fellowship to Mr. Walter Magee, who arrived in Reykjavík in September.



AMBASSADOR WILHELM MORGENSTIERNE, dean of the diplomatic corps in Washington has written in *Arbeiderbladet*, organ of the Norwegian Labor Party, an article entitled "America and the Free World." The Ambassador's article emphasizes the tremendous importance of America's post-war relief and assistance programs. Going back to the United Nations' Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, he recalls that the United States contributed 75 per cent of the \$3.87 billion spent by UNRRA, and of this total no less than 37 per cent went to countries now behind the Iron Curtain. Next he recites the accomplishments of the Marshall Plan aid in spearheading and promoting the economic reconstruction of the war-devastated countries, with U.S. contributions, in various forms, totaling—as of April 30, this year—nearly \$11.8 billion, of which Norway received more than \$404 million.

"I hardly need to mention what this has meant to the economic rehabilitation of Norway," writes the Ambassador. "The nation's deep appreciation for the aid received from the U. S. has time and again been expressed by our leading statesmen."

With regard to the creation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and the Mutual Defense Assistance Program, Ambassador Morgenstjerne declares that these two actions unquestionably have helped to preserve world peace. Observing that the U. S. Congress appropriated about \$6.5 billion to the Mutual Defense Assistance Pro-

gram in the past two years, and that additional billions have been proposed for the coming year, Mr. Morgenstjerne continues:

"If these vast amounts of money are added up, they give us an overwhelming indication of America's determination and power to aid the reconstruction and defense of the free world. And this contribution, it should be noted, has not been made without considerable sacrifice. Every American home, every taxpayer, feels increasingly the burden of the position and the obligations which world developments have thrust upon the United States."

America's initiative in halting the Communist aggression against South Korea is seen by the Norwegian Ambassador as "the conclusive confirmation of U. S. readiness to defend freedom and democracy." Since June, 1950, he points out, the U. S. has carried the main burden of the United Nations' action against the aggressors, at a cost of more than 14,000 dead, 65,000 wounded and missing, and billions of dollars in expenditures.

A NORDIC PARLIAMENTARY COUNCIL is one of the projects most discussed by the Norwegian press, which has devoted a good deal of editorial space to discussion of the Danish suggestion that Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Iceland form a joint Parliamentary Council. The suggestion was approved in principle by the recent Nordic interparliamentary conference in Stockholm, which named a five-nation committee to report on the proposal.

THE SURGICAL FIELD HOSPITAL set up by Norway in Korea is the only mobile

equipment of that kind furnished by any country except the United States. The staff comprises a total of 180 physicians, surgeons, male and female nurses, technicians, mechanics, truck drivers, and general workers, all of whom are paid by the Norwegian Government. Eighty-three of the total staff are Norwegians; they were selected from more than 1,000 volunteers. The Norwegian group includes 13 doctors, of whom 7 are surgeons; and 15 female and 5 male nurses. Initially set up with 60 beds, the hospital may at any time be expanded to 100 beds or more. During the first two weeks of operation, the staff treated well over 600 surgical cases, mostly from the Commonwealth Division.

THE MORMON CHURCH of the United States has spent three years microfilming Norwegian government and ecclesiastical records dating back to A.D. 1600. "We don't know how many names were included," says Elder Fridel, who adds that Norway is the first country to have all its records transcribed on microfilm. The work was done for the Genealogical Society of the Mormon Church. Using two microfilm machines, Elder Fridel and his wife made 3,665 rolls of film representing some 5,000,000 pages of records. Working twelve hours a day for the past three years, Elder Fridel photographed an average of 10,000 pages a day, sometimes as many as 16,000. His wife did between 3,000 and 6,000 pages a day.

NORWEGIAN FARMING has steadily been losing its share of the national manpower pool, and at the same time, more and more farm youths have been attracted to industry, as a few figures

will show. In 1801, more than 80 per cent of the population made their living in farming or forestry. By 1865, the relative figure had dropped to 64 per cent. In 1930, farm and forestry employment accounted for only 30 per cent of the total, and by 1946 the figure was but 25 per cent. And yet, farm production has kept on moving upwards. The tremendous advantages of using power-machines in cultivating virgin soil, especially where it is cluttered with stumps, roots, rocks, and boulders, have been dramatized this year by two experimental projects in widely separated parts of Norway.

TUNA is becoming an increasingly important fish for Norway. Waters off the Lofoten and Vesteraalen islands in northern Norway are teeming with tuna, and fishermen are making huge catches. Sales have been going very well indeed, and in view of the failure of this season's tuna fishing in the Mediterranean, there are prospects for substantial exports. A fisherman from Helgeland caught so many tuna in one catch that his precious net was torn to bits, and two-thirds of the tuna escaped. Weighing about 73,000 lbs., the third, which didn't get away, was valued at 56,000 kroner.

COALS NOT FROM NEWCASTLE but from Svalbard are on the increase. According to latest reports, nearly 200,000 tons of coal were shipped from the Norwegian mines in Svalbard last summer. The target for the 1951 shipping season is 425,000 tons, and it is hoped to get all of it out before the Svalbard coast is blocked by impenetrable ice. Thirteen freighters have been carrying coal from Norway's arctic province

during the past several months. Most of the shipments are destined for Norwegian consumers, but 50,000 tons have been sold to Sweden.

THE UNEMPLOYED in Norway as of July were only 2,478, of whom 350 were women. At the same time, there were 11,650 job openings, of which 4,800 were in industry.

NORWEGIAN KNOW-HOW has won another international contest. The Norwegian engineering firm F. Selmer, Inc., of Oslo, has been awarded the contract to build a large hydro-electric power plant for the Cuthega Power Project in Australia. The contract was won in competition with eleven companies from the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Germany.

DIVORCES in Norway last year were 2,324 as against 2,350 in 1949. The 1950 divorce figure is equivalent to 3 per 1,000 existing marriages.

ALUMINUM is an important product of Norway, which has signed an agreement with the Economic Cooperation Administration for a loan of \$24 million—or 170 million Norwegian kroner—to go toward the construction of a large aluminum factory at Sunndals-öra in western Norway. Total cost of building the aluminum plant and expanding the power works is estimated at 350 million kroner. By 1954, aluminum production is expected to have reached 40,000 tons. Later on it will be increased to 75,000 tons of aluminum and 150,000 tons of aluminum oxide.

PROFESSOR A. W. BRÖGGER, leading Norwegian archeologist and authority on Vinland the Good, died at the age of 67. Dr. Brögger was responsible for the building of the Viking Ship Museum on Bygdøy.

AMERICAN STUDENTS to the number of forty are studying or lecturing at Norwegian universities and colleges on Fulbright Fund Scholarships. At the same time, about 120 Norwegian students will receive Fulbright Fund travel scholarships for studies in the United States. In addition to this, 20 Norwegian students, 6 educators, and about 25 scientists have been awarded Smith-Mundt scholarships, totaling \$125,000 for one year's study in the United States.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE at Oslo University has received substantial grants for two major scientific research projects from the State Soccer Betting Pool, reports professor Sigmund Skard, who is director of the Institute. One of the studies will probe into the voluminous correspondence and newspaper articles left by the late Norwegian writer Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, in an effort to establish his views on the United States. Considered one of Norway's "four great" authors, Bjørnson lectured extensively before Norwegian-speaking audiences in the United States through the fall and winter of 1880-1881. The other research project will examine the extent and scope of American influence in Norway.



tion.

MARSHALL AID has been discontinued by Sweden, the first nation to do so. The E.C.A. mission to Sweden was closed this autumn. The Marshall funds that have gone to Sweden do not include any gifts. A loan of \$20,400,000 was granted during the first year of the aid program, while the balance, or somewhat less than \$100 million, has been so-called conditional aid, that is, Sweden has been paid in dollars for deliveries made to other Marshall countries in Europe.

THE AIR FORCE is a major concern of Sweden. When in 1912 four air-minded private citizens donated a 50-HP Nieuport monoplane to the Swedish Army to form, together with a Breguet biplane, the nucleus of an Army Air Corps, they probably did not realize that by the middle of the century Sweden would be the fourth Air Power in the world—after the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain. Yet this is what the cold figures of international statistics disclose. In recognition of this development the Swedish Air Force, now celebrating its 25th anniversary as a separate arm, organized at the beginning of June the biggest aerial display ever held in Sweden to show 250,000 Stockholmers and foreign observers a historic aircraft

cavalcade and the breath-taking performances of the latest member of the family, the all-Swedish 1,050-km/h Saab jet fighter.

Sweden was one of the first countries in the world to organize the Air Force as an independent Arm. When this happened, as far back as in 1925 and 1926, the meagre initial budget of Kr. 6,000,000 per annum did not permit of an aircraft park of more than 70-odd planes being maintained. Today, when the experiences of a world war largely fought in the air have been carefully studied, and when the development of jet propulsion, radar, and rockets have opened up new perspectives for aerial warfare, the Swedes are allocating approximately 30 per cent of the total Kr. 1,300,000,000 military expenditures to the "forwards of the defence team."

And it is not only Air Force people who think this is a worthwhile investment. While in the past years there has been some argument as to how to achieve a fair balance between the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force in all-out defence, Swedish military experts now generally agree that a strong and up-to-date Air Force is of vital importance to the country. Sweden's nearly 3,000 miles of air frontier, its length of 977 miles from north to south and, above all, its geographical position between East and West call for a hard-striking Air Arm ready for immediate action in the manifold task of engaging an enemy prior to any attempt at invasion, of defending cities and industrial centres against bombing and airborne operations and of co-operating with the Navy and the Army, whether off the shores and on the plains of southernmost Skåne or

in the barren wilds of northern Lapland.

Just as the cold, snowy Northern winters have moulded the tactics of the Swedish Army and the ice conditions in the Baltic have called for special equipment in the Navy, so the Air Force has had to tackle the problems caused by operating under the severe climatic conditions that prevail for four or five months of the year. Ground personnel are trained in keeping runways free from snow by means of heavy snow-throwers and rollers, while skiing practice forms an integral part of the training even of the flying personnel. Their equipment includes, besides skis or snowshoes, such useful implements as a snow spade and a long knife for digging down into the snow or building igloos.

ASYLUM FOR POLITICAL REFUGEES from behind the Iron Curtain is usually allowed in Sweden despite protests from the Soviet Powers demanding their return. One case in point was that of twelve Polish seamen, who on August 2 brought their tiny minesweeper into the port of Ystad, after having locked up their officers, and on August 13 received permission to stay in Sweden. Refugee passports were issued to them. On August 11, Sweden turned down a request to arrest the twelve mutineers, which would have been the first step in extradition proceedings desired by the communist regime in Poland. Although Sweden grants asylum to political refugees, the case of the twelve seamen was regarded as somewhat complicated in view of international naval regulations stipulating extradition of mutineers if requested by their Government. From

the beginning, many Swedish newspapers recommended a generous interpretation, sometimes emphasizing that the Poles could and should be treated as "political mutineers." The minesweeper later returned to Poland with the officers and four other crewmen.

ALBIN E. JOHNSON has taken up the post as Public Affairs Officer and First Secretary at the U.S. Embassy in Stockholm, succeeding Eric C. Bellquist, who has returned to a professorship at the University of California in Berkeley. For about fifteen years, Mr. Johnson covered the League of Nations meetings in Geneva, Switzerland, first for the United Press and later for the *New York World*. From 1936 to 1940 he was European Commissioner for the New York World's Fair, during the war he worked for the Columbia Broadcasting Company and *The Reader's Digest*, and from 1946 to 1950 he was attached to the U.S. Delegation to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission as adviser on public relations matters. Mr. Johnson was born in Ottawa, Kansas, of parents who had emigrated from Sweden.

THE CONSUMER CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES of Sweden have now about one million members. About 15 per cent of the retail sales in Sweden are handled by the co-operatives, and 25 per cent of foodstuffs. Total sales last year by the Swedish Co-operative Union and Wholesale Society (KF) and affiliated companies amounted to Kr. 1,021,000,000, while the total turnover of the retail co-operative societies was Kr. 1,682,000,000.

COFFEE is again unrestricted in Sweden. On August 17 the Swedish Government decided to discontinue the rationing of coffee, effective the next day. It has been in force for two periods, during the war, when Sweden was cut off from most of its trade with the West, and since March, 1947, when the postwar foreign exchange difficulties had become serious. During the last few months the monthly coffee ration has been about 0.8 lb., as compared with a low of 0.1 lb. in February, 1942, when the whole Swedish food situation was particularly strained. While, during the last war years, about 70 per cent of the Swedish food consumption was strictly rationed, all consumer goods are now free.

During the last decade important changes have taken place in the coffee drinking habits of the Swedish people. In 1939, coffee imports totaled 56 million kilogrammes, while last year about 38 millions were consumed. No drastic increase is expected today. Since 1939, when a kilogram (about 2.2 lbs.) of coffee cost 3.50 kronor, the price of coffee has more than tripled, the current price being 11.40 kronor.

FOREIGN TRADE is booming for Sweden. For the January-May period the value of exports amounted to Kr. 2,927,000,000, or Kr. 887,000,000 more than for the same period in 1950. About 70 per cent of the increase relates to forest products, about 11 per cent to iron and steel, and approximately 5 per cent to machinery. Imports for the five-month period totaled Kr. 3,671,000,000 as against Kr. 2,228,000,000 in January-May 1950. Large increases are recorded for tex-

tiles, fuels, iron and steel, automobiles, and foodstuffs.

Scandinavian industrial art is much in demand in the USA, according to an investigation made by the American *Journal of Commerce*. Imports of Swedish glassware rose by 60 per cent during 1950, sales during 1951 showing a continued increase. The same tendency is recorded for art and table silverware and for furniture. It is reported that some American firms have doubled their imports of Swedish furniture so far this year. Moreover, Swedish mink and silver fox furs are being sold in the United States on an increasing scale.

BRAZIL IS PLACING orders for about Kr. 10,000,000 worth of hydro-electric equipment in Sweden. The equipment will be used for the building of a giant power station at the Paulo Afonso rapids in the Sao Francisco river, planned for a capacity of 900,000 KW, and an order for 2,600 kilometres of steel-aluminum cable for a 220,000-volt power line has already been shipped by Svenska Metallvärken, Sweden's leading producers of non-ferrous metal goods.

The sixth Saab Scandia, the twin-engined, medium-sized all-Swedish passenger plane, was recently flown from the Saab factories at Linköping to Rio de Janeiro to be put into traffic on the Rio-Sao Paulo route, where five Scandias are already in service. This was the last unit in a series of six ordered by the Brazilian VASP airlines.

THE IRON AND STEEL industry of Sweden is engaged in carrying through an extensive program of expansion and modernization, which is estimated by

1955 to raise the productive capacity to well over 2,000,000 tons of ingot steel per annum as compared with the present annual output of 1,400,000 tons. Sweden's annual consumption of iron, which at the turn of the century was just over 50 kilogrammes per inhabitant, is now up at about 200 kilogrammes. With one or two exceptions steel consumption per inhabitant in the countries of Europe is at present short of 200 kilogrammes, in some cases below 100 kilogrammes, while the corresponding figure for the United States is over 500 kilogrammes.

SYNTHETIC RUBBER is being produced in Sweden by cellulose spirits from sulphite mills and called Butadien, and also from the Russian dandelion. Two of America's nuclear scientists, Professor Ernest Lawrence of the University of California, 1939 Nobel Chemistry Prize winner and inventor of the cyclotron, and his colleague, Professor Donald Cooksey, recently arrived in Stockholm to make a study of the Swedish cyclotrons. A new unit of 25 million volts has just been completed at the Swedish Government Research Institute for Physics, at the capital, head of which is Professor Manne Siegbahn, a Swedish pioneer in nuclear research and winner of the 1924 Nobel Prize in Physics. The Institute already possesses a smaller cyclotron of seven million volts. A third unit is now being constructed at Upsala under the supervision of The Svedberg, professor of physical chemistry at the University of Upsala and winner in 1926 of the Nobel Prize in Chemistry. Other Americans who recently have visited Professor Svedberg are three of the leading rubber

research workers in the United States, Drs. Howard E. Fritz, William L. Davidson, and Waldo L. Semon, all of the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, in Akron, Ohio. At the Institute for Nuclear Chemistry, in Upsala, they investigated the use of the cyclotron in the manufacture of rubber.

PROFESSOR ARNE TISELIUS, of Upsala, distinguished Swedish chemist and vice-president of the Nobel Foundation, attended the International Chemical Congress in New York and Washington where he was elected president of the international association of chemists.

GOTLAND, Sweden's "museum" island attracted this year tourists from the world over. Besides the walled city of Visby Gotland has one hundred country churches dating from the 13th and 14th centuries. Souvenirs of still earlier times are the Arabic gold coins unearthed by farmers who plough their soil more deeply. Every summer since 1929 the musical drama "Petrus de Dacia" is presented in the ruins of St. Nicholas Church in Visby, "city of roses and ruins."

THE BOTANICAL GARDENS of Sweden, the land where children know the Latin names of the wild flowers, are cultivating rare trees that include the Dawn Redwood of China and the Giant Redwood of California.

A GROUP OF AMERICAN STUDENTS on September 4 sailed on the "Gripsholm" of the Swedish American Line for a year's study at the University of Stockholm. The students, who represent nearly every section of the

United States, are enrolled at the Graduate School for English Speaking Students. This is the sixth consecutive year that a large group of Americans will study at Stockholm's university. The course was started by the Sweden-America Foundation, and its success has been largely due to Mr. Olof H. Lamm, former Swedish Consul General in New York.

THE THIRD WORLD CONFERENCE ON Faith and Order will take place in the city of Lund in August, 1952. It will be opened by Archbishop Yngve Brilioth, Primate of the Swedish Lutheran State Church. It will be recalled that the first World Conference on Life and Work was called by the Archbishop's predecessor Nathan Söderblom at Upsala in 1925. The two ecumenical groups are now co-ordinated by the new World Council of Churches.

THE 1,100-MILE bicycle race in Sweden was this year dramatized by the 66-year-old Gustav Håkansson who wears a one-foot beard and cycled the course on his own through cheering crowds, coming in 24 hours ahead of the official young contestants.

A 4,000-YEAR-OLD FISH NET was recently found at a depth of some fifteen feet in a peat bog in Skåne. The net is made of bast fibre, and its area is some ten square feet. Archaeologists claim that it was once used for fishing

in the lake that formerly existed in this place.

NEARLY 22,000 PERSONS saw the famous "Road-to-Heaven" play at Leksand when it celebrated its tenth anniversary with a series of performances in the middle of July. Favored by fine summer weather, this open-air pageant drew large numbers of foreign tourists spending their holidays in the many resorts around Lake Siljan or coming expressly to attend this event. It was also covered by reporters from well-known magazines such as *Reader's Digest* and *Holiday* as well as from Reuter of London. The Columbia Broadcasting System made recordings for the U.S.A., while it was color-filmed by the SAS Airlines.

A poetical rendering of an old peasant story, written by Rune Lindström, who himself plays the leading part of Mats, the play is already well-known abroad through the film version presented a few years ago. The cast consists of Leksand amateurs who are still largely identical with those who gave the first presentation of the play ten years ago. It is reported that the American poet of Swedish descent Carl Sandburg is preparing a translation into English, and as interest in the play among Swedish descendants in America is very great, a tour of the U.S.A. with guest performances by the original cast is contemplated.

Scandinavians in America

The Department of Scandinavian Languages and Literatures at the University of North Dakota observed its sixtieth anniversary this autumn. Established in 1891 by special legislative act, it is one of the oldest departments of its kind in the Middle West.

The pioneer teacher in the department was the Reverend George T. Rygh, who began his work in the fall of 1891 and served in that capacity for a four-year period. Since that time, except for a brief interruption, instruction in Scandinavian languages has been an integral part of the work of the University. From 1898 to 1901 Professor E. J. Rollefson taught Scandinavian languages. He was succeeded by Professor John Tingelstad, who for twenty-eight years, until 1929, served as Professor of German and Scandinavian languages and literatures. Thanks to Professor Tingelstad's efforts and the cooperation of the Scandinavian people in North Dakota, a large Scandinavian library was assembled at the University.

Dr. Richard Beck, a specialist in the field of Icelandic and Norwegian literature, has, since the autumn of 1929, been Professor of Scandinavian Languages and Literatures and head of the department. Besides his teaching duties, he has lectured extensively on Scandinavian subjects in the United States, Canada, and Iceland. Dr. Beck has written numerous articles in American, Norwegian-American, Icelandic-American, and Icelandic publications about the literature and the civilization of the Northern countries. His

books include: *The History of Scandinavian Literatures* (Co-author, Dial Press, 1938), *Icelandic Poems and Stories* (The American-Scandinavian Foundation, 1943), and *The History of Icelandic Poets: 1800-1940* (Cornell University Press, 1950). He is past president of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study and of the Icelandic National League of America.

Because of the large percentage of people of Norwegian origin in the state, the Scandinavian Department at the University of North Dakota stresses instruction in Norwegian language and literature, with courses both for beginners and more advanced students. A survey of Norwegian literature and special courses in the works of Ibsen and Bjørnson have also been offered. A comprehensive course in the history of Norway is given in English, and the works of leading contemporary Scandinavian authors are read in English translation in a special lecture course covering that field.

The Scandinavian Department is one of very few in the United States which offers a course in Modern Icelandic for beginners. Old Icelandic is given as a graduate course. A sizeable group of students takes advantage of these courses annually. Correspondence courses in Norwegian and Icelandic are also offered through the University Division of Correspondence Study and have attracted a number of students from various parts of the country. The Department further serves as an information center, as it

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"FROM NORWAY TO JAPAN"

In Boston Margit Lunde Bowker, a native of Stavanger and wife of State Senator Philip G. Bowker, presents a handbag to Mrs. Douglas MacArthur.

is constantly being called upon to furnish information regarding the Scandinavian countries, their history and culture. The Department also sponsors special convocations. Recent lecturers under its auspices have been Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, president emeritus of The American-Scandinavian Foundation; Dr. Alexander Johannesson, President of the University of Iceland; and Dr. Francis Bull, Professor of Norwegian literature at the University of Oslo.

Docent Marten Liljegren of Lund University is Visiting Professor of Scandinavian Art at the University of Minnesota. He is a son of Professor

S. B. Liljegren, Director of the American Institute of the University of Uppsala.

C. H. W. Hasselriis, often called "Denmark's Best Friend in America" was feted on his Seventieth Birthday by a public dinner in New York.

Edward Landon, of Swedish descent, president of the National Serigraph Society, has returned from Norway after nine months as a Fulbright Fellow with a collection of seventy specimens of Old Norwegian graphic arts which were exhibited in New York in October and will tour the art galleries of America.

Samuel Abrahamsen, Fellow of the New School for Social Research, has been appointed instructor in Norwegian at Bay Ridge High School in Brooklyn.

The official opening of the new Norway House in New York took place on September 27. Among those who spoke at the opening ceremonies were Norway's Minister of Commerce Erik Brofoss, Ambassador Wilhelm Morgenstjerne, Consul General Erling S. Bent, Acting Mayor of New York Joseph T. Sharkey, Mr. Rolf G. Westad, and Mr. S. A. Haram, president of Norway Center, Inc.—The new building, at 290 Madison Avenue, will house the Norwegian Delegation to the United Nations, the Norwegian Information Services, the Norwegian National Travel Office, and the Norwegian-American Chamber of Commerce, as well as the American offices of several Norwegian firms.

Baron Erik Fleming of Stockholm conducted the School of Silversmithing organized by Handy and Harman of New York, refiners and fabricators of precious metals at the Rochester Institute of Technology last summer. One

of the students, grandson of J. Sigfrid Edström of Stockholm, is now in the silver department of Georg Jensen, New York.

Holy Trinity (Old Swedes) Church, Wilmington, Delaware, was built by Swedish colonists in 1698 near "The Rocks" where in 1638 the first Swedes had landed in America. The church was built on the site of the first burying ground of the colonists. In 1791, Holy Trinity was transferred by the Swedish Lutheran Church to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the U.S. Since that time the Episcopal Diocese of Delaware has cared for it both as a religious shrine and a national monument. It is the oldest church in the U.S. now standing as originally built and still used for religious services, and as such is a part of the rich colonial heritage of the nation.

In order to assure the perpetual care of the old Church and the grounds, the Holy Trinity (Old Swedes) Church Foundation was incorporated in 1947. As a non-profit foundation it seeks new members and contributions for general maintenance purposes and for the Endowment Fund.



THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of interchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

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Music Center

The activities of the Foundation's Music Center are manifold. The offices of the Center in the basement of the Foundation's headquarters in New York will soon be in full operation. Scandinavian concerts are projected in several cities where Foundation Chapters are established. Radio programs are in the making. In September Columbia Broadcasting System gave concerts of Scandinavian Music on four consecutive Sundays as a result of a recording tour by James Fassett, Supervisor of Music for the Columbia System, in Finland as well as Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Recordings were made *inter alia* at Frederiksborg Castle and Kronborg Castle and Tivoli and a one-hour conversation by Sibelius.

Trainees

Paul McKoskey, director of the hundreds of trainees from Scandinavia now in the United States under Foun-

dation direction, has issued a newsletter giving all manner of specific recommendations regarding their studies, transportation, taxes, and visas.

Books

The Foundation published two new books in 1951 and acted as agent for the three Swedish editions of *Nobelprisen 50 År. American-Scandinavian Studies* by A. B. Benson is on the press as an "auxiliary" book. Among our book exhibitions was one by Bonniers and one by the Swedish American Line (see picture) in New York.

Constantin Brun Award

At long last the CBA has issued another stipend for an aged Danish-American to visit his homeland as a reward for his services in the Danish cause in America. The awardee is William K. Sorensen of New York, secretary of the Danish Home for the Aged. The funds for this award, named for



Exhibit of Foundation Books—1951

the former Danish Minister to the U.S.A., were raised by the generous efforts of Baroness Alma Dahlerup and invested by The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Norge-Amerika Foreningen

The Norway-America Association has published a compact report for 1950 which shows a gratifying achievement. The total sums received for scholarships and fellowships to America come to \$60,000, and for trainees \$108,000. Thirty-six who came to U.S.A. under its auspices are classified as students, 1 (boy) as Camp Rising Sun, 20 as Honorary Fellows, 51 as trainees, 7 as renewals, a total of 115. The largest endowed funds administered by the Association are the Crown Prince Olav Fund and the Franklin D. Roosevelt Fund. Several Norwegian in-

dustries contribute annually stipends for scholarships. The Association held seven lecture-or-entertainment meetings. Among the lecturers were Rear-Admiral Ralph E. Jennings, Professor Dennis N. Bragan, Helge Ingstad, Professor Thomas D. Elliot, and Professor Francis Bull. In addition the student division of the Association held several meetings. The Association has 2,100 members. Dr. Henry Goddard Leach has been elected its first Honorary Member.

The Viking Fund

During the past ten years the Viking Fund, established in New York by the Swedish industrialist Axel Wenner-Gren, has awarded more than \$2,500,000 in grants to scientists and scientific institutions, including The American-Scandinavian Foundation. Its name

is now changed to The Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research.

The American Institute

The American Institute in Uppsala is flourishing. Scholars from America are in residence there, and the Institute is publishing monographs on American Literature. The creator of the Institute, S. B. Liljegren, emeritus professor of English, and Mrs. Liljegren have recently been painted in oil by Danish artists. These portraits hang in the Institute and are reproduced in this issue of the *Review*.

Fulbright Fellowships

The U.S. Fulbright funds for scholarships have now been extended to Denmark in recognition of about \$900,000 which Denmark has paid for purchase of American surplus materials. Application should be made not to the



EDIT DAHL LILJEGREN

*From the painting by
Stefan Viggo Pedersen*

Foundation but the Institute of International Education in New York. Several former Fellows of the Foundation have enjoyed Fulbright Fellowships since the war. Dr. Leonard S. Silk, who studied housing in Sweden as Foundation Fellow, has been awarded a Fulbright Fellowship to study housing economics in Norway.

Former Fellows

BRYN J. HOVDE, American Fellow to Norway, 1932-1933 and former President of the New School for Social Research, after nearly one year of study under a Fulbright grant in Norway returns with sufficient material to complete two volumes on Scandinavian history covering the period from 1865 up to the present time. In 1944 he had two volumes published covering the



SVEN BODVAR LILJEGREN

From the painting by August Førsleff

circumstances of the middle class in Northern Europe from 1720 to 1865. Upon his return Dr. Hovde will serve as visiting professor at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, where he will lecture on Scandinavian history and together with Professor Haugen will carry on studies concerning Scandinavian influences in the United States.

SVEN LILJEBLAD, Fellow from Sweden 1938-1939, is now in Idaho completing his grammar, dictionary, and reader of two Indian tribes. His last publication is *Bannack I: Phonemes* published in "International Journal of American Linguistics."

RALPH T. HOLMAN, Bergquist Fellow to Sweden, 1947-1948 was recently appointed Associate Professor at the Hormel Institute of the University of Minnesota, after having been connected with the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas since 1948. In 1947 he studied adsorption analysis of colorless substances under Professor Arne Tiselius at Uppsala as a Foundation Fellow. His laboratory work at Texas A. & M. illustrates how the Foundation student and trainee program is a "two-way street" and benefits both the United States and Scandinavia. Mr. Lennart Hagdahl from Professor Tiselius' laboratory was brought to the Texas institution as an ASF trainee, and worked with Professor Holman for six months. They have jointly au-

thored an article in *Analytical Chemistry* entitled "Tiselius-Claesson Interferometric Adsorption Analysis Apparatus." Professor Holman has also written an article on "Displacement Analysis of Lipids" for the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*.

MARION LOUISE DRASKER, Bergquist Fellow to Sweden 1950-1951, has completed her studies of the normal animal cell under Professor T. Caspersen at Karolinska Institute in Stockholm. Her report may now be consulted by medical students in the New York offices of the Foundation. Knowledge of the behavior of normal cells will enable science to combat diseased cells such as those of cancer patients. Her report is entitled "Morphological and Chemical Observations on the Cyclic Growth Processes of the Mouse Uterus during the Normal Estron Cycle, with supplemental material on Various Experimental Conditions." Miss Drasker is now with the R. B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory, Bar Harbor, Maine.

RAYMOND ELMER LINDGREN, Gustaf V Fellow to Sweden 1950-1951 and Associate Professor in Vanderbilt University, has returned to the United States with the microfilms of important documents in various archives related particularly to the League of Armed Neutrality of 1780 and the separation of Norway and Sweden in 1905. We await some revealing publications by Professor Lindgren.



Scandinavian Plays of the Twentieth Century. Third Series. *The Swedenhielms* by Hjalmar Bergman; *Let Man Live* by Pär Lagerkvist; *The Condemned* by Stig Dagerman. Princeton University Press for The American-Scandinavian Foundation. 1951. 195 pp. Price \$3.00.

These plays are well-chosen. They balance, they generate excitement, they whet the appetite for more, they justify this series, published by the Princeton University Press for The American-Scandinavian Foundation. In *The Swedenhielms*, a character says, with strong feeling, "Sir, believe me or not: it's no bed of roses to be a Swedish author." The remark is meant to be a joke, and I am sure that Swedish audiences have always laughed at it, but Sir, believe me or not: it is a rueful joke at best. To be born to write in a small language for a sharply limited audience is no bed of roses.

Actually, the situation doesn't make sense. There is no reason why the free and cordial exchange of plays among Paris, London, and New York should not be widened to include Stockholm, Oslo, and Copenhagen for, as it stands, the cities to the west are the losers. These three plays are cases in point. The question is not, "Would they be commercially successful in America?" There is no way of telling and it would be silly to guess. The question is, "Do they make a contribution to the body of world dramatic literature?" They do.

One cannot argue the point fiercely in the case of the first play, *The Swedenhielms*, for it is the kind of work that has been done often and as well—or better—in other parts of the world. It is a comedy about a free-wheeling, unpredictable family, light and gay and expert, with immensely satisfying comic situations and brilliant characterizations, and it inevitably reminds one of Noel Coward's *Hay Fever*, to make the most obvious comparison. And yet, as an example of successful Scandinavian Theatre, it is interesting for the way a serious moral problem is implacably forced into the comedy context. Professor Alrik Gustafson, in his fine introduction, mentions Bergman's debt to Strindberg. To the casual eye, the plot used seems the quintessence of Ibsenism and, to the casual eye, because of the way the plot is used, the piece does not quite jell. Yet it is fine to read and must play beautifully.

In the next two plays we get to the heart of the matter. Pär Lagerkvist is a distinguished man in Swedish Literature; I do not know

him but now, having read *Let Man Live*, I want to know him well. The man is a writer for the world. The play presented here is short and simple and amazingly deceptive. At first glance, the idea presented seems worn, the method of presentation undramatic. But then it takes hold, and one sees that the simplicity is that of a creative talent with complete control; the writing is perceptive and profound, the piece gathers force and is explosively dramatic. I would like to see it played; I think it must have great impact on the stage; I recommend it strongly to every American college and experimental theatre group.

To the same groups I recommend *The Condemned*, by Stig Dagerman. I'll go beyond that and suggest, hesitantly, that some American commercial producer might read it and take the gamble. Its chances of economic success, as our theatre is now constituted, are slim, and yet I think the chances are worth taking, for this play by a very young man has an intensity and incisiveness that get under the skin. It has the faults of youth: on occasion it labors and stumbles; in places it becomes singularly static where it should be almost shockingly dramatic, but it is a piece of real theatre and should be played. There is no room here to discuss it at length, as it should be, but if this is the kind of literature that is being written for the stage in Sweden, let's have more of it in translation, and quickly.

SAMUEL TAYLOR

The Emigrants. A NOVEL BY VILHELM MOBERG. Translated from the Swedish by Gustaf Lannestock. Simon and Schuster. New York, 1951. xv plus 366 pp. Price \$3.75.

This volume, the first of a contemplated trilogy, is the ultrarealistic story of a rural group in the stony Swedish province of Småland, who at the dawn of the modern mass emigration to America had, like thousands of others, decided to leave their native land and seek new homes across the sea. The Ljuder Parish had, of course, heard all manner of tales about America, but to its members certain attractive facts had emerged: there was infinitely more wealth and liberty in the United States, free or cheap land, less poverty, a greater freedom of religion, no king or barons, and more rewards for plain hard work. The farmhands, crofters, and small farmers concluded, therefore, amid tears, warnings, and preparations, that they could better their status by emigration. They had at home known incredible hardships, cruel masters, and irritating church authorities: it could not be worse in a new country. So they left Sweden. A frightfully overloaded brig brought the emigrants—those who survived—after ten weeks of sailing, into New York. Included in the colorful group, beside the admirable leader Karl Oskar and his pregnant

wife and family, were a religious fanatic and the converted parish harlot.

Out of this common material the author has woven a bold, vivid, gripping tale about living individuals, which holds the interest throughout. Here we find foresight and sturdiness of character, deep seriousness, minute descriptive detail, shocking episodes, beauty, humor, grim irony, truth and fanaticism, death, suffering, hope, faith, imagination, and uncommon artistry. Moberg understands both book construction and the fiction-reading public. Many readers, however, will gasp at portions of the realistic language. Certain expressions which in Swedish, under the circumstances, may sound but primitive and natural will in English assume a vulgar color, the extreme form of which seems to the reviewer—an emigrant of the 1892 vintage—to be unnecessary and of questionable taste. Yet, strangely enough, in this widely discussed work, even the coarseness appears to be but a coincidental part of the complete picture. It is an unusual production. One thing is certain: Moberg's emigrants will in the next volume become promising American immigrants.

Yale University

ADOLPH B. BENSON

Nobel; the Man and His Prizes University of Oklahoma Press. 1951, 620 pp. Price \$6.00) is the English edition of the definitive work compiled by the Nobel Foundation. The three editions in Swedish are distributed in the United States by The American-Scandinavian Foundation. This book is a history of Alfred Nobel himself, of his Foundation, and of all the Nobel prize winners. Anders Österling, Secretary of the Swedish Academy defends the selection of prizemen in literature, which has frequently been the subject of criticism and is now being questioned by an international ballot taken by Professor Lamont of Rutgers University and published in the magazine *Books Abroad* by the University of Oklahoma Press.

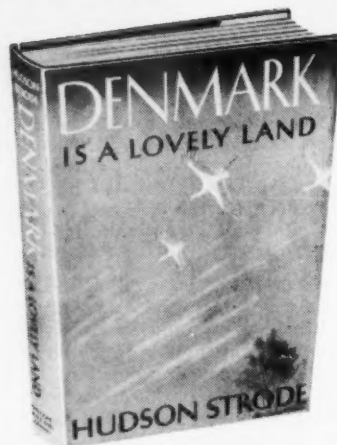
The excellent translation is chiefly the work of Naboth Hedin, present chairman of the Library of The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

The Saga of Hrafn Sveinbjarnarson. By ANNE TJOMSLAND, M.D. (Islandica, vol. xxxv) Cornell University Press. 1951. Price \$2.75.

As the translator says in her Introduction, it was the activities of Hrafn as a physician which first prompted her to translate the comparatively short passages in this little saga relating to medicine. They show that the Salernitan School had disciples in farthest Thule in the 12th century. We are told of a number of reputedly successful cures and operations performed by Hrafn—thus, strangely, extensive cauterization for dropsy (?) and depressive mania, and an operation for renal calculi.

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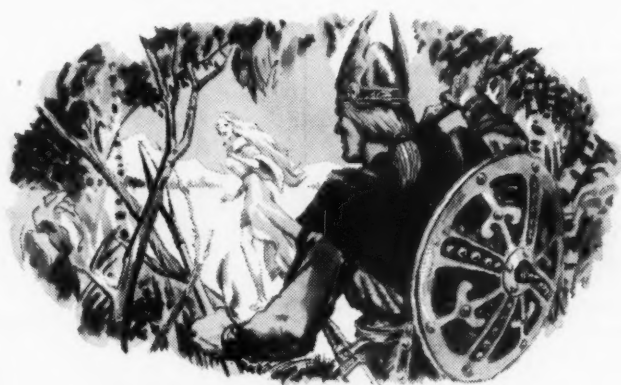
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about his upbringing, his European travels—with, alas! far too little detail—and his later involvement in the bitter feuds which characterized the Sturlung Period. He was a man of saintly character who excelled in all skills, rich, respected by all and, above all, peace-loving. So one does not quite see through what deviltry his kinsman and former friend, Thorvald Snorrason, is induced to hate and finally slay him.

The translation is competently done, as is the Introduction. But it is rather a pity, from a literary point of view, that the score or so of quite spirited Skaldic stanzas with which the saga is documented in the Old Icelandic manner, should have been rendered in prose, following Finnur Jónsson's dry-as-dust interpretations. There is a sketch map of the Northwest Peninsula of Iceland, where the action takes place, and a brilliant etching by Guðmundur Einarsson of Eyri, the estate on which Hrafn lived.

University of Texas

LEE M. HOLLANDER

Poems. BY NEILSON ABEEL. *Privately printed by Princeton University Press.* 1951. Price on application.

Neilson Abeel should be enrolled among "the minor poets of America." His rhythms are rich in cadence. They have the same calm poise and the same high regard for quiet beauty and virtue that characterized his own life. Every page repeats, though unwritten, his refrain "Tis always April when the heart is young." Abeel rises to real heights in his sonnet "To the Philistines" in which he begs ironical youth of our day not to stone us elders who still cherish our now out-moded pleasures.

"We are children of another century

And our dear loves you cannot understand."
This posthumous collection of Neilson's verse will be cherished by all who knew him during the ten years that he served as secretary of The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

H.G.L.

Luxemburg in the Middle Ages. BY JOHN ALLYNE GADE. Leiden. *E. J. Brill.* 1951. Ill. 238 pp. Price on request.

Captain John A. Gade, U.S.N., is the only living person who, in 1911, signed as Trustee the charter of The American-Scandinavian Foundation. He has now added to historical works that include his *Cathedrals of Spain*, *Charles XII*, *Christian IV*, *Cardinal Mercier*, *All My Born Days*, and *Tycho Brahe*, a history of the rulers of Luxemburg from 964 to 1451. This region frequently changed hands, through purchase or conquest, and was ruled for some time by the kings of Burgundy. Luxemburg to-day is an independent constitutional Grand Duchy and a signatory to the United Nations and the North Atlantic Pact.

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combining setting-up exercises with long daily prayers, and generous endowments to religious institutions, but in private practised indulgences that are considered vices and injurious to health to-day. One lord of Luxemburg, Philip of Burgundy (1441-1451), "was famous for his fine lot of bastards. He provided lucrative and important posts for twenty-two of them, four in bishoprics."

Captain Gade gives us in this book the product of exhaustive research in European archives together with his own humor and understanding of the complicated psychology of men audacious enough to take on political responsibility in the turmoil of mediaeval times. It may be noted that women have often governed the fate of Luxemburg, particularly Countess Ermesinde (died 1247) and the present Grand Duchess Charlotte, to whom this book is dedicated.

H.G.L.

The Blue-Eyed Pussy. BY EGON MATHIESEN. Translated by Karen Rye. *Doubleday*. 1951. 110 pp. Price \$2.00.

Egon Mathiesen is a well-known author and illustrator of children's books in his native Denmark, but "The Blue-Eyed Pussy" marks his American debut. It is an excellent introduction and one of the most attractive exports the Danes have yet sent to the United States.

This is the story of a Most Unusual Cat who set out to find the feline paradise, the Land of Many Mice. Because of his Blue Eyes, he was ridiculed by his fellows for not being "a proper cat," and was haughtily dismissed by them as incapable of succeeding where they had failed. But since he was a Rare Animal, he took advantage of an unexpected opportunity, which not only brought him to the Land he sought but also established his position among the rank and file of his own species.

The author's illustrations are an integral part of the book and possess great humor and originality. Karen Rye's translation seems to adhere to the spirit of the original, and children (and adults!) who love cats will be enchanted by this Siamese Pussy. It is even possible that those who are not cat fanciers will succumb to the charms of this one.

RUTH L. SHERWOOD

Hans Andersen, Son of Denmark. BY OPAL WHEELER. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. *Dutton*. 1951. 184 pp. Price \$3.00.

The stories of Denmark's Hans Christian Andersen have delighted children everywhere, and the story of his life is bound to interest those who have fallen under his spell.

Hans was the son of the village cobbler in Odense, and although his family was desperately poor, his life was enriched by his vivid imagination. He would sit in the garden where "in his mind, fairies and princesses and witches flew here and there, lighting on the branches and speaking with him in their own language."

Saturday Review

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His confidence in his ability never failed him, and in later life he found many friends who were glad to assist him in his struggle for recognition. He lived to see himself acclaimed one of his country's most beloved sons and to enjoy the benefits of a grant from the Crown which eased his financial worries for the rest of his life.

Miss Wheeler writes about her subject with enthusiasm and affection, but her style is occasionally verbose and her use of inverted sentences slightly distracting to smooth reading. ("And repaid a thousandfold he was by the smile that sprang to the white little face. . .") Nevertheless, children will probably enjoy reading the life of one of the world's master story-tellers, and Mr. Pitz' illustrations in blue and brown will add to their pleasure.

RUTH L. SHERWOOD

Tansy for Short. By RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG. Illustrated by John Moment. Doubleday. 1951. 208 pp. Price \$2.50.

This is a delightful book and one which can be highly recommended to all little girls who still look upon the age of nine as a period of wonderful adventures coupled with the excitement of occasionally outwitting their parents.

Tansy's mother and father were rather afraid she was a tomboy, as she probably was, when viewed against the background of her strict Norwegian upbringing in a pioneer Wisconsin village. She had the time of her life at her brother's wedding, dancing barefoot in her new blue dress, and considerably enlivened her sister's household when she went to stay with her in Milwaukee, but the greatest day of all was the day she met the eminent violinist, Ole Bull, for whom her parents gave a reception.

John Moment's illustrations are in perfect keeping with the atmosphere of the story, and the author obviously knows and enjoys little girls, for she writes about them with warm understanding. Her sense of local color and knowledge of Norwegian pioneer customs provide a vivid background for her story, but the characters are the chief delight of this charming book. Tansy should make many friends, who, like *Oliver Twist*, will probably ask her creator "for more."

RUTH L. SHERWOOD

Kulinarisk Ordbog PAA FIRE SPROG, VED ELLEN GYTKIAER OG JOHANNES SMITH. P. Haase & Søn's Forlag, Copenhagen. 1951. 101 pp. Price on application.

The purpose of this little book is to provide a convenient pocket-size guide for the traveler rather than an exhaustive compendium of culinary phrases. The aim of the authors has been well carried out, starting with the "ABC of Restaurants" which contains such obvious terms as "entrée" and "hors d'oeuvre," and continuing with the section on specific dishes and culinary expressions. The translations are all from the French, the international gas-

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RUTH L. SHERWOOD

BOOK NOTES

Two Runic Stones, from Greenland and Minnesota, by William Thalbitzer (Smithsonian Institution, 1951) is the first defence of the authenticity of the Kensington Stone (dated 1362 A.D.) by an eminent scholar in Scandinavia. Other scholars overseas, such as Jansson in Sweden, Moltke in Denmark, and Olsen and Brøgger in Norway have denounced the inscription as a forgery. The bibliography of recent writings about this famous runic inscription in Minnesota occupies five pages, and includes another defence of the stone by S. N. Hagen in 1950 published in the magazine of mediaeval studies, *Speculum*.

A Guardian of the Faith, by H. Skov Nielsen (Lutheran Publishing House, 1951. Price \$2.00) is a tribute to the career of a great preacher, Dr. N. C. Carlsen, for twenty-five years president of the United Evangelical Lutheran Church in America. Dr. Carlsen was recognized by Danes here and abroad. The book also gives an account of the homes for the aged and other welfare institutions established by his leadership.

The Scandinavian Book, compiled and edited by P. F. Tennant (Hodge, 1951. Price 15 shillings) is an introduction to everything important that is Scandinavian, from the ancient rock tracing in Bohuslän to elk hunting in Dálarne. The book ends with proverbs from *Hávamál*. Something to have in your knapsack!

Interlingua English Dictionary, by the research staff of the International Auxiliary Language Association (Storm, 413 pp. \$5.00) contains 27,000 words easily intelligible to readers of Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, English, German, and Russian. IALA, in 1951, became affiliated with Barnard College of Columbia University.

Frederick Paul Keppel, by some of his friends (Columbia University Press, 1951) is a biography of the former president of the Carnegie Corporation. Keppel assisted many Scandinavian scholars, including Gunnar Myrdal whom he brought from Sweden to America to write an objective history of the Negro.

The Norseman (Bi-Monthly. London. 2 shillings and sixpence) is an admirable literary and political review of the Scandinavian scene that should have many American subscribers. An unusual archeological article by Haakon Shetelig in a recent issue is entitled "The False Queen Gunhild from Jutland."

Norwegian BOOKS

Kunstkalenderen. A beautiful wall calendar for 1952 containing 13 colored reproductions of works by Norwegian painters of the 1880's. With four pages of explanatory text. At the end of the year, with all the months torn off, the calendar becomes an attractive album. \$2.50

Juleboka. A book for and about Christmas,—its history, traditions, songs, hymns, recipes, etc. \$3.00

Mennesket og evigheten, by Georg Brochmann. An important book which discusses a new conception of reality based on the so-called "Dimension of Eternity." \$5.60

Kon Tiki og jeg, by Erik Hesselberg. One of the participants tells the Kon Tiki story in his own inimitable way. Text and numerous illustrations hand-drawn by the author. This is a limited collector's edition, each copy numbered and autographed by the author. \$4.00

Veni, Vidi, Viking, by Eric the Ruddy. The subtitle "How to misbehave in Norway" indicates the contents of this hilarious volume. Illustrated by Hammarlund. \$1.25

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Notes on the Development of the Principal Sounds of Indo-European, by M. H. Scargill (University of Toronto Press. Price \$1.50) is a profound contribution to linguistics by the translator of *Three Icelandic Sagas* published last year by The American-Scandinavian Foundation. Mr. Scargill questions the theory lately advocated that the Hittite language was derived from an Indo-Hittite Primitive rather than directly from Indo-European.

Swedish Writers Argue, by Naboth Hedin (The American-Swedish Monthly, September 1951) reviews the present debate of Swedish authors as to whether or no socialism is a component of true democracy.

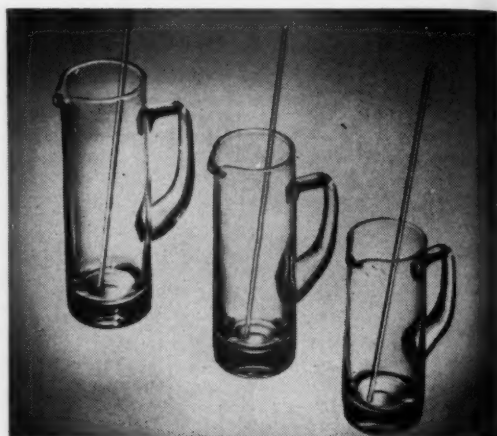
The Bulletin of St. Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League of New York, (annual, free on request) maintains the literary values of Catholic writers. The 1951 issue contains an article by Salvator Butler, S.A. about Abbess Elizabeth of the Pargittines and a review of the hospitals and schools of the Sisters of St. Joseph (of Chambery) in all the Scandinavian countries. In Denmark alone 9 hospitals and 17 schools! St. Ansgar also assists The American-Scandinavian Foundation in finding scholarships for Catholic students from Scandinavia in American colleges.

Anton Olsson, research director of Svenska Arkivbyrån, Linnégatan 48 B, Stockholm urges Americans of Swedish descent who wish information about their descent or relatives in Sweden to send him all the explicit information they can collect from old letters and elsewhere about the emigration and relatives at home of their families. Better facts will help his research.

Professor Kenneth Ballard Murdock of Harvard University contributed Part 1. "The Colonial and Revolutionary Period" to *The Literature of the American People* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1951. 1172 pp. Price \$9.00). Dr. Murdock has lectured on this subject in the nine universities of Scandinavia. In the writings of Captain John Smith he finds a forerunner of a present American type "the man of action, insubordinate or even lawless in his self-confident intolerance of control by anyone except his immediate comrades in enterprise."

The August issue of *United Nations World* featured the Scandinavian countries, with articles by the prime ministers and copious attractive illustrations. The three monarchs appear as playing cards on the cover.

Manowen, by Esther Penny Boucher (Duell, Sloan, & Pearce. 1951. Price \$3.00) is a first novel by a Wellesley girl about an orphaned boy who came after the Civil War to remote Manoce Island off the Long Island coast. It is a fascinating romance and adventure story that should be read before a fireplace of blazing logs.



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